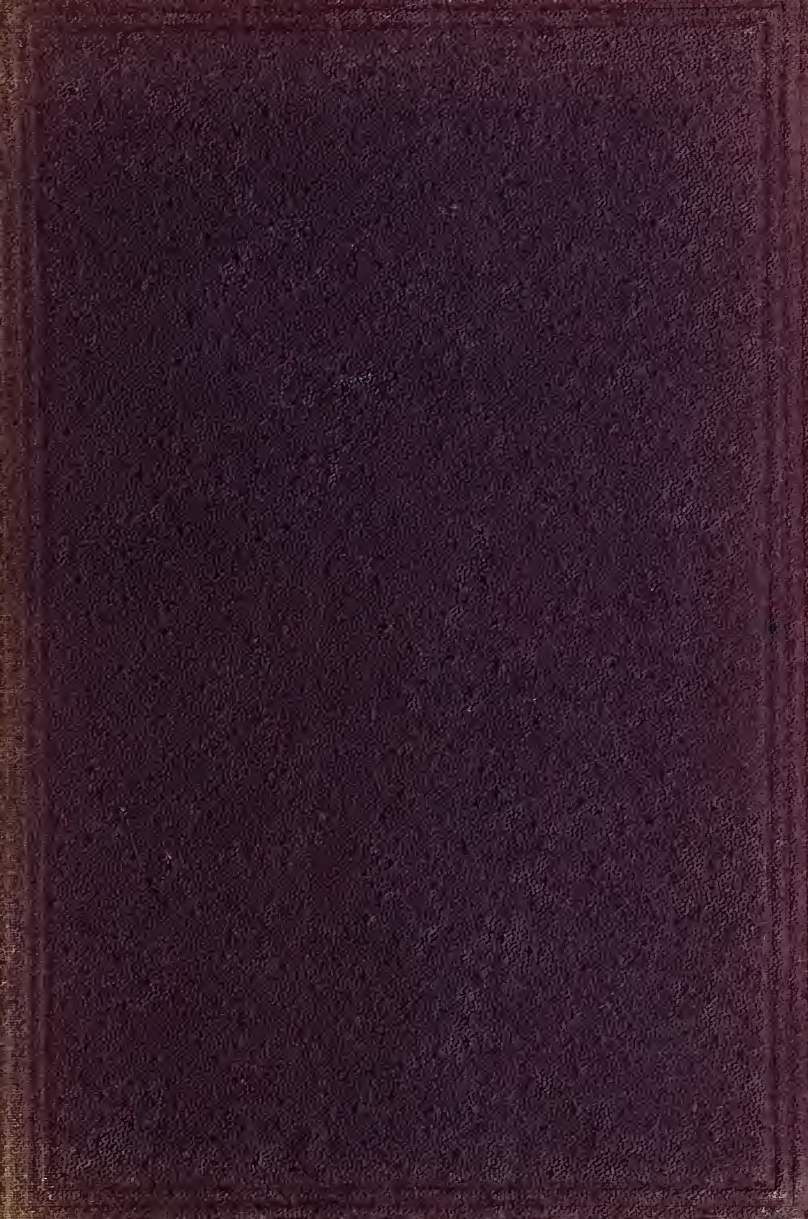
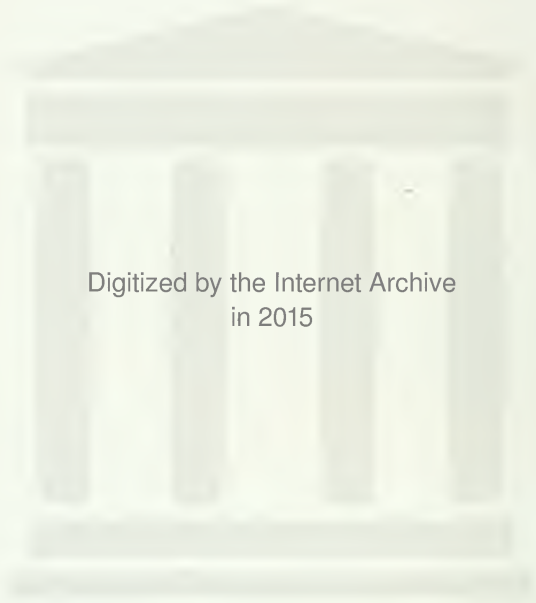






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Spes pulcherrima coeli.

ANGEL-VOICES;
OR
WORDS OF COUNSEL
FOR
OVERCOMING THE WORLD.

The soul is cured of its maladies by certain incantations;—these incantations are beautiful reasons, from which temperance is generated in souls. SOCRATES.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. MESSIAS.

AFTER THE MODE OF
Richter's 'Best Hours.'

TENTH EDITION.

'QUI FACIT PER ALIUM, FACIT PER SE.'

BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.

1871.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by

WILLIAM TREAT, OF BUFFALO,

In the Clerk's Office of the Northern District of New York.

Dedicated to One,

WHOSE CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE UNDER MENTAL AFFLICTION

GAVE THE IMPULSE

TO THIS

Garnering of Thought;

BELIEVING THAT THE 'GIFT' IN SUCH HANDS,

CONJOINED WITH

KNOWN OPENNESS OF HEART, WILL FIND ITS WAY

MOST READILY

TO THE

HANDS AND HEARTS OF OTHERS.

“Streut eifrig in empfängliche Gemüther
Des Guten und des Schönen Samentörner!
Sie keimen und erblühen dort zu Bäumen,
Die goldne Paradiesesfrüchte tragen.”

Scatter diligently in susceptible minds
The germs of the Good and the Beautiful!
They will develope there to trees, bud, bloom,
And bear the golden fruit of Paradise.

CONFERENCE

READER,

Hast thou kindly perception of GREAT THOUGHT embodied in NOBLER ACT? To thee is intrusted this little family group. The children here present, though few in number, are chosen from the loveliest of Earth — taken from a select school. To thee they are confided, in trust by thy agency, if deemed competent, they may be helped forward as teachers in that great school-house — THE HUMAN HEART.

The circumstances that called them together are these : Seeking counsel for a friend by word of Richter's 'Best Hours,' we found there a living picture designed chiefly for exhibition at the dying hour. Other counsel, other words, for the Spirit, were needed ; and, as will be seen, Richter has been pressed into service for supply, and with him other 'ministering angels,' to speak first to the LIVING, thereafter to the DYING and of the hallowed DEAD. These we publish not without the full conviction, that he who is prepared to LIVE the MAN is prepared to DIE the SAINT.

For self we take no credit, but in humility confess to be less than the least, furnishing comparatively little else than a rude string, whereon the hopeful and prayerful may, to their profit, count jewelled beads. 'To labor is to pray,' has been wisely said. As gems of thought suggestive of thought, to the truly 'catholic' in spirit, it is hoped these may not have an unuttered meaning in the 'prayer by labor.'

There are no Wasps, there are no Hornets here.

"I here present thee with a hive of Bees, laden some with wax and some with honey.

And ye, my Lordes, with your alliaunce,
 And other faithful people that there be,
 Trust I to God shall quench all this noisaunce,
 And set this land in high prosperitie...CHAUCER.

Our design is to note each individual 'Voice' when uttered, by affixing a numeral thereto, and a corresponding one and name of author attached, as will be found in the Appendix.

LITTLE CHILDREN, from the Spirit-land, go forth on your mission of love! Teach all how to be — to bear — to hope — to act aright! Teach and preach wherever a Gospel neighbor can be found, and may you conduce as much to his strength as you have added to mine own. While others perform the *one duty* well and assiduously, — that of ministering to the bodily wants of the sick and infirm, — be *yours* the endeavor to supply the inner, *spirit's want*, most meet for filial love and angels, as comprised in that request to his son by Herder, 'as he lay in the parched weariness of his last illness,' 'GIVE ME A GREAT THOUGHT, that I may quicken myself with it!' Stay not the work of servitors of the fleshly body, which is weak and profiteth nothing, but if bidden to tarry, in act thus reply, 'Wist thou not that I must go about my Father's business?' To you is given the higher, nobler mission, that of spirit which quickeneth. Heed that, and in full Hope rest we there, then, our Faith, until it becomes Sight, in your working together for good. Finally, teach

Each man to think himself an act of God,
 His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
 And bid each try, by *great thoughts* and *good deeds*,
 To shew the most of heaven he hath in him...2

If some wanton Bee should chance to buzz about thine ears,

And hold thy hands; there's none will sting thee if thou strike not first." — *Quarles*.

PART I.

Of Life.

Love's a song, and Life's the singer,
 Hope sat listening to the strain,
 Till old Time, that discord bringer,
 Jarred the music of the twain.
 Love, and Life, and Time, together
 Rarely yet are friendly found.
 If Love heralds sunny weather,
 Time, to other duties bound,
 Buries Life half under ground :
 O, the lot of Life how made
 By thee, O Time, how sad !

Why should Time thus fail to cherish
 All that lends existence worth ?
 Wherefore should Love droop and perish,
 As but doomed to woe on earth ?
 Love, and Life, and Time, together
 Better friends, we hope, may be :
 If TIME's of inconstant feather,
 LOVE and HOPE should still agree :
Life is lost between the three.
 O, the lot of Life how made
 By thee, O Time, how sad !...b

The Angels, in like manner, can utter in a few words singular the things which are written in a volume of any book, and can express such things, or every word, as elevate its meaning to interior wisdom; for their speech is such, that it is consonant with affections, and every word with ideas. Expressions are also varied, by an infinity of methods, according to the series of the things which are in a complex in the thought.

SWEDENBORG.

Urge the truth — let earnest love
 Be than evil stronger;
 Good withheld is Poverty
 Bearing souls to penury.
 Let us aid them all we can,
 Every woman, every man;
 (Every child can give a help.)
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger;
 ('T will be strong enough some day —)
 Toil a little longer...b

Of want, of sorrow, and of pain,
 These are love's right to cure;
 This makes us fain strong hearts to gain,
 To do and to endure...5

Being tempted : Angels ministered unto him.

ANGEL-VOICES.

Listen ! To cheer thy heart,
These Angel-Voices come,
Whispering, ' Onward is thy path,
And upward is thy home.'...45

We clasp the fetters by Memory twined,
The wanderer's heart and soul to bind ! ...55

REMEMBER,

All clouds of sorrow, all afflictions, are but
Voices of Angels, which are attuned to the deaf
in ear and hard in heart, that they may touch and
make vibrate the chords of the inmost soul, or
become the medium of mute eloquence, by evolv-
ing holy sympathy from others. They are the
voices of holy spirits, and do thus speak that all
tribes and nations may hear, every man in his
own tongue.^a

The spirit speaks all tongues, and understands
Both God's and angels', man's and all dumb things',
Down to an insect's inarticulate hum....b

REMEMBER,

The mere lapse of years is not life : to eat and
drink and sleep ; to be exposed to the darkness

And he taught them, saying, — Blessed are the poor in spirit :

and the light ; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth ; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade, — this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened ; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, — are the true nourishment of our natural being.⁸⁰

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best ;
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest,
 Lives in one hour more than in years do some
 Whose fat blood sleeps, as it slips along their veins.
 Life is but a means unto an end ; that end,
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things — God.
 The dead have all the glory of the world...2

REMEMBER,

The simplest faith, be it only deep and trustful, the very smallest idea of a mission in life assigned by God, — be it only lovingly and clearly

Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

seen, — ‘lifteth the poor out of the dust,’ and ‘to them that have no might increaseth strength.’ As of old it banished disease, and couched the blind, and soothed the maniac, by miracles of power, so does it still heal and bless by its miracles of love. It puts a divine fire into the dullest soul, and draws in Saul also among the prophets; it turns the peasant into the apostle, and the apostle’s meanest follower into the martyr.⁸⁰

.....all ambitious, upwards tending,
 Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun,
 But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
 They do their best to climb, and get to him...⁷⁵

REMEMBER,

This, and especially the type which follows; place it securely among the multitude of wares in thy store-house of ‘beautiful memories:’ —

There is a fine engraving of Jean Paul Richter, surrounded by floating clouds, all of which are angels’ faces; but so soft and shadowy, that they must be sought for, to be perceived. It was a beautiful idea thus to environ Jean Paul, for whosoever reads him with earnest thoughtfulness will see heavenly features perpetually shining forth through the golden mists or rolling vapor. . . . Remember — This picture embodies a great spiritual truth. In all clouds that surround the soul, there *are* angel faces, and we should *see* them if

Blessed are they that mourn :

we were calm and holy. It is because we are impatient of our destiny, and do not understand its use in our eternal progression, that the clouds which envelop it seem like black masses of thunder, or cold and dismal obstructions of the sunshine. If man looked at his being as a whole, or had faith that all things were intended to bring him into harmony with the divine will, he would gratefully acknowledge that spiritual dew and rain, wind and lightning, cloud and sunshine, all help his growth, as their natural forms bring to maturity the flowers and the grain. ‘Whosoever quarrels with his fate, does not understand it,’ says Bettine ; and among all her inspired sayings, she spoke none wiser.⁶

High natures must be thunder scarred
 With many a searing wrong ;
 Nought unmarred with struggles hard
 Can make the soul’s sinews strong...5

REMEMBER,

The true scholar — and may we not add, Christian ? — will feel that the richest romance, the noblest fiction, that ever was woven, the heart and soul of beauty, lies enclosed in *human life*. Itself of surprising value, it is also the richest material for his creation. He must bear his share of the common load. He must work. He must work with men in houses, and not with their

They shall be comforted.

names in books. His needs, appetites, talents, affections, accomplishments, are keys that open to him the beautiful museum of human life. Why should he read it as an Arabian tale, and not know in his own beating bosom its sweet and smart? Out of love and hatred, out of earnings and borrowings and lendings and losses, out of sickness and pain, out of wooing and worshipping, out of travelling and voting and watching and caring, out of disgrace and contempt, comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slur his lesson; let him learn it by heart. Let him endeavor exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before him; and this by *punctual action*, and not by promises and dreams.¹

High endeavors are an inward light,
That make the path before them always bright;
Who fixes good on good alone then owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows...⁷

REMEMBER,

Many are the thousands who let the man die within them, from cowardly care about meat and drink, and a warm corner in this great asylum of safety, whose gates have ever been thronged by the multitude who cannot appreciate the free air and open heaven. . . . What are such men about? If one is pining in want, rusting in ignorance, or

Blessed are the meek :

turning from angel to devil under oppression, it is too probable another may be undergoing extinction in drawing-rooms — surrendering his divine faculties to wither in lamp-light, and to be wafted away in perfume and praise. As surely as the human thought has power to fly abroad over an expanse of a thousand years, it has need to rest on that far shore and meditate. . . . The deluge of oblivion has swept over their all, while the minds which were really immortal and divine are still there,

‘ Forever singing as they shine ’

in the firmament of thought, and mirrored in the deep of ages out of which they arose.¹

.....For amid all life's guests
There seems but worthy one — to do men good;
It matters not how long we live, but how;
For as the parts of one mankind while here,
We live in every age...²

REMEMBER,

When we would talk of the world, of fate, of chance and mischance, often in very bad humor, to ask, How much of this world have we seen? How much have we not seen? How much can — will — we not see for sheer indolence and blindness? God alone knows how much real, simple-minded, sterling honesty and truth he has sent into the world. Blessed be his name that he has given me eyes to see it.³

They shall inherit the earth.

Probe the profound of thine own nature, Man !
 And thou may'st see reflected, e'en in life,
 The worlds, the heavens, the ages ; by and bye,
 The coming come...2

REMEMBER,

Inquiringly, — If we float over the surface of society with perpetual sunshine and favoring airs, how can we sound the shoals and gulf which lie below ?⁴

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truths...3

REMEMBER,

By earnest endeavor, to gladden the human circle in which we live, — to open our hearts to the gospel of life and nature, seizing each moment and the good which it brings, be it friendly glance, spring breeze, or flower, extracting from every moment a drop of the honey of eternal life.⁵

' True bliss is to be found in holy life ;
 In charity to men, and in love to God.'

REMEMBER,

That though there is something painful, yea, terrific, in feeling one's self involved in the great wheel of society, which goes whirling on, crushing thousands at every turn, yet though this relation of the individual to the mass is the sternest and most frightful of all conflicts between necessity and free will, here too conflict *should* be harmony, and *will* be so. Put then far away from thy soul all desire of retaliation, all angry thoughts, all

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness:

disposition to overcome or humiliate an adversary, and be assured thou hast done much to abolish gallows, chains, and prisons, though thou hast never written or spoken a word on the criminal code.

'T is nature's law,
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dumbest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good — a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught — that ever owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime,
Which man is born to — sink, however depressed,
So low as to be scorned without a sin,
Without offence to God, cast out of view...7

REMEMBER,

God and good angels alone know the vast, the incalculable influence that goes out into the universe of spirit, and thence flows into the universe of matter, from the conquered evil and the voiceless prayer of one solitary soul. Wouldst thou bring the world unto God? Then live near to him thyself. If divine life pervade thine own soul, everything that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou mayest be unconscious of being charged therewith. This surely would be the highest, to strive to keep near the holy, not for the sake of our own reward here or hereafter, but that through love to God we might bless our neighbor. The human soul can perceive this, and yet the beauty of the earth is every-

They shall be filled.

where defaced with jails and gibbets! Angelic natures can never deride, else were there loud laughter in heaven at the discord between man's perceptions and his practice.⁶

Men might be better, if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it. Men may over-get
Delusion — not despair...2

REMEMBER,

No sincere desire of doing good need make an enemy of a single human being; that philanthropy has surely a flaw in it which cannot sympathize with the oppressor equally as with the oppressed.⁵

Speak not bitterly of human kind;
Oh! unsay what thou hast said of man:
Mind cannot mind despise — it is itself.
Mind must love mind: the great and good are friends:
And he is but half great who is not good.

Nay, speak no ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
Then let us reach a higher mood,
The noblest summit of the mind:
For life is but a passing day,
To the oldest how brief its span:
Then in the little time we stay
Let's speak of all the best we can...51

REMEMBER,

There is a law of neutralization of forces, which hinders bodies from sinking beyond a certain depth in the sea; but in the ocean of baseness, the deeper we get the easier the sinking. As for the kindness which Milton and Burns felt for the devil, I am sure that God thinks of him with pity a thou-

Blessed are the merciful :

sand times to their once, and the good Origen believed him not incapable of salvation.⁵

To raise the devil were an infant's task
 To that of raising man. Why, every one
 Conjures the fiend from hell into himself
 When passion chokes or blinds him. Sin is hell...b

R E M E M B E R ,

The love of the beautiful and the true, like the dew-drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's being, though all the rest be turned to stone by sorrow and degradation. The angel, who has once come down into the soul, will not be driven thence by any sin or baseness even, much less by any undeserved oppression and wrong. At the soul's gate sits she silently, with folded hands and down-cast eyes ; but, at the least touch of nobleness, these patient orbs are serenely uplifted, and the whole spirit is lightened with their prayerful lustre.⁵

Some souls lose all, but the love of beauty ;
 And by that love they are redeemable,
 For in love and beauty they acknowledge good ;
 And good is God...b

R E M E M B E R ,

That some scrap of a childish song hath often been a truer alms than all the benevolent societies could give. This is the best missionary, knowing when she may knock at the door of the most curmudgeonly hearts, without being turned away un-

They shall obtain mercy.

heard. For poesy is love's chosen apostle, and the very almoner of God. She is the home of the outcast, and the wealth of the needy. She loves better the poor wanderer whose bare feet know by heart all the freezing stones of the pavement, than the delicate maiden for whose dainty soles Brussels and Turkey have been over-careful.⁵

Simple melody
Comes on the heart like infant innocence —
Pure feeling yet more pure...b

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies...54

REMEMBER,

The making one object, in outward or inward nature, more holy to a single heart, is reward enough for a life; for, the more sympathies we gain or awaken for what is beautiful, by so much deeper will be our sympathy for that which is most beautiful, — the human soul.⁵

Those there are
Whose hearts have a look southward, and are open
To the whole noon of nature...2
Be thou of such.

REMEMBER,

That love never contracts its circles: they widen by as fixed and sure a law as those around a pebble cast into still water. The angel of love, when, full of sorrow, he followed the first exiles, behind

Blessed are the pure in heart :

whom the gates of Paradise shut with that mournful clang, (of which some faint echo has lingered in the hearts of all their offspring,) unwittingly, snapped off and brought away in his hand the seed-pod of one of the never-failing flowers which grew there. Into all dreary and desolate places fell some of its blessed kernels ; they asked but little soil to root themselves in, and in this narrow patch of our poor clay they sprang most quickly and sturdily. Gladly they grew, and from them all time has been sown with whatever gives a higher hope to the soul, or makes life nobler and more godlike ; while from the over-arching sky of poesy sweet dew forever falls, to nurse and keep them green and fresh from the world's dust.⁵

There are those whose spirits walk
Abreast of angels and the future, here ;
Respect and love thou such...b

REMEMBER,

That the cure of all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word, LOVE. It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles, if we will.⁶

Man's heart hath not half uttered itself yet,
And much remains to do as well as say.
The heart is sometime ere it finds its focus...b

They shall see God.

REMEMBER,

In thankfulness, thy heavenly Father for every manifestation of human Love. Thank him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help to forgive all things and enfold the whole world with blessing. 'What shall be our reward,' asks Swedenborg, 'for loving our neighbor *as* ourselves in this life? That when we become angels, we shall be enabled to love *him* better than ourselves.' This is a reward pure and holy; the only one which my heart has not rejected, whenever offered as an incitement to goodness. It is this which, chiefly, makes the happiness of lovers more nearly allied to heaven than any other emotions experienced by the human heart. Each loves the other better than self; each is willing to sacrifice all to the other, nay, finds joy therein. This is it that surrounds them with a golden atmosphere, and tinges the world with rose-color. A mother's love has the same angelic character; more completely unselfish, but lacking the charm of perfect reciprocity.⁶

.....He who needeth love, to love hath right;
 It is not like our furs and stores of corn,
 Whereto we claim sole title by our toil,
 But the Great Spirit plants it in our hearts,
 And waters it, and gives it sun, to be
 The common stock and heritage of all...⁵

REMEMBER,

If it be God whom we love in loving our elected

Blessed are the peacemakers:

one, then shall the bright halo of her spirit expand itself over all existence, till every human face we look upon shall share in its transfiguration, and the old forgotten traces of brotherhood be lit up by it; and our love, instead of pining discomforted, shall be lured upward and upward by low, angelic voices, which recede before it forever, as it mounts from brightening summit on the delectable mountains of aspirations and resolve and deed.⁵

Dear to us are those who love us: the swift moments we spend with them are a compensation for a great deal of misery; they enlarge our life; but dearer are those who reject us as unworthy, for they add another life: they build a heaven before us whereof we had not dreamed, and thereby supply to us new powers out of the recesses of the spirit, and urge us to new and unattempted performances.⁶

Speak kindly, O, speak soothingly
To him whose hopes are crossed,
Whose blessed trust in human love
Was early, early lost!
O, let the balm of gentle words
Fall for the smitten heart!...⁵

REMEMBER,

Though only to touch upon the subject of Love is like putting one's hand into the fire; it is the universal bruise, the putrefying sore, on which you

They shall be called the children of God.

must not lay a finger, or your patient (that is, society) cries out and resists, and like a sick baby, scratches and kicks its physician.⁴

So strange, and passing strange, is it that the relation between the sexes — the passion of Love, in short — should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician: let *them* reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. . . . Must Love be ever treated with profaneness as a mere illusion? or with coarseness as a mere impulse? or with fear as a mere disease? or with shame as a mere weakness? or with levity as a mere accident? whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness, — mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why, then, should Love be treated less seriously than Death? It is as serious a thing. . . . Death must come, and Love must come; but the state in which they find us — whether blinded, astonished, and frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings — *this* depends on ourselves; and for want of such

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake :

self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue ! hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages ; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy ; irretrievable infamy, cureless insanity ; the death that comes early, and the love that comes late, reversing the primal laws of our nature.¹⁵

God willed Creation ; but Creation was not
The cause of that Almighty Will of God,
But that great God's desire of emanation :
Beauty of Human Love the object is ;
But Love's sweet cause lives in the soul's desire
For intellectual, sensual sympathies.
Seeing a plain-plumed bird, in whose deep throat
We know the richest power of music dwells,
We long to hear its linked melodies ;
Scenting a far-off flower's most sweet perfume,
That gives its balm of life to every wind,
We crave to mark the beauty of its bloom :
But bird nor flower is that Volition's cause,
But Music and fine Grace, *graven on the SOUL, like Laws...*⁷⁴

REMEMBER,

God's livery is a very plain one ; but its wearers have good reason to be content. If it have not so much gold lace about it as Satan's, it keeps out foul weather better, and is besides a great deal cheaper.⁵

REMEMBER,

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.⁶⁴

REMEMBER,

That good always overcomes the evil, which is its perverted form ; thus love casteth out hatred,

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . . *Matt. V.*

truth overcomes falsehood, and suspicion cannot live before frankness. Always and everywhere is evil overcome with good.⁶

Ah, truly blest alone
Are they who, by the wondrous deeds of time,
Gentle or stern, have learned the holy peace
Which dwells with God...b

REMEMBER,

That a word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages.³⁶

To commiserate is sometimes more than to give; for money is external to a man's self, but he who bestows compassion communicates his own soul.⁴⁷

‘There ’s nought so fathomless as woe unshared.’
We have our younger brothers, too,
The poor, the outcast, and the trodden down,
Left fatherless on earth to pine for bread;
They are a-hungered for our love and care,
It is their spirits that are famishing,
And our dear Father, in his Testament,
Bequeathed them to us as our dearest trust,
Wherefore we shall give a straight account.
Woe, if we have forgotten them, and left
Those souls that might have grown so fair and glad,
That only wanted a kind word from us,
To be so free and gently beautiful, —
Left them to feel their birthright a curse,
To grow all lean, and cramped, and full of sores,
And, — last, sad change, that surely comes to all
Shut out from manhood by their brother man, —
To turn mere wolves for lack of aught to love...5

REMEMBER,

In all thy life's course, that Truth is strong next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious! Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose

I waited patiently for the Lord,

to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we injure her to misdoubt her strength. Let Truth and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?⁹

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies amidst her worshippers...85

REMEMBER,

There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded. Patience and patience, we shall win at the last. We must be very suspicious of the deceptions and elements of time. It takes a good deal of time to eat or to sleep, or to earn a hundred dollars, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life; — daily routine makes but little impression; but in the solitude to which every man is always returning, he has a sanity and revelations, which in his passage into new worlds he will carry with him.⁸

.....In the silent hour of inward thought,
 Ever suspect and still revere thyself
 In loneliness of heart...b

REMEMBER,

When the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet, then all things are at risk. There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation,

And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

nor the so called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. . . . He claps wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the world.⁸

Yea, copyists shall die, spark out and out ;
Minds which combine and make, alone can tell
The bearings and the workings of all things
In and upon each other...2

REMEMBER,

There do remain dispersed in the soil of human nature, divers seeds of goodness, of benignity, of ingenuity, which being cherished, excited, and quickened by good culture, do, by common experience, thrust out flowers very lovely, and yield fruits very pleasant of virtue and goodness.¹¹

Good deeds are very fruitful. Out of one good action of ours, God produces a thousand ; the harvest whereof is perpetual. If good deeds were utterly barren and incommodious, I would seek after them from a consciousness of their own goodness : how much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them, that they are so profitable both to myself and others ?¹²

Each virtuous mind will wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake.
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads :
Friend, kindred, neighbor, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race...68

And hath put a new song in my mouth,

REMEMBER,

Human duties and proprieties do not lie so very far apart; if they did, there would be two gospels and two teachers — one for man and one for woman.¹⁵

.....All individuals as well as
All nations have their message from on high,
Each the Messiah of some central thought,
For the fulfilment and delight of man;
One has to teach that labor is divine;
Another, freedom; and another, mind;
And all, that God is open-eyed and just,
The happy centre and calm heart of all...5

REMEMBER,

Music is a prophecy of what life is to be; the rainbow of promise, translated out of seeing into hearing.⁶

.....There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow's promise...14

REMEMBER,

When our short-sightedness tempts us to doubt, that man's work, and that for which he was born, is not to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out with what he has to do, and then restrain himself within the limits of his power of comprehension. He cannot measure the transactions of the universe; neither his powers nor his point of view justify him in such an ambition. The reason of man and the reason of God are very different things. If you grant God omniscience, man cannot be free; — if the Deity knows

Even praise unto our God :

how I shall act, I *must* act so. I touch upon this merely as an illustration of how little we can know, and how foolish it is to meddle with divine mysteries.¹⁶

‘To plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, and to attend to the neglected,’ is work one may not find a love’s labor lost in the performing.⁷²

REMEMBER,

He that believes only what he understands, has the shortest known creed.¹⁹

God judgeth us by what we know of right,
Rather than what we practise that is wrong
Unknowingly...5

REMEMBER,

In your intercourse with sects,—The sublime and abstruse doctrines of Christian *belief* belong to the church; but the *faith* of the individual, centred in his heart, is, or may be, collateral to them. Faith is subjective.¹⁷

Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Straightway the heart of God takes in...5

REMEMBER,

To read the Scriptures, and in so doing, surely the heart and soul of every Christian gives assurance sufficient that in all things that concern him

Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

as a *man*, the words that he reads are spirit and truth, and could only proceed from him who made both heart and soul. Understand the matter so, and all difficulty vanishes : you read without fear, lest your faith meet with some shock from a passage here and there, which you cannot reconcile with immediate dictation by the Holy Spirit of God.¹⁷

Read the face of nature, that God-written Bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can wrest, interpolate, or libel
Its living lore.
Here learn we, that our Maker, whose affection
Knows no distinction — suffers no recall —
Sheds his impartial favor and protection
Alike on all...b

REMEMBER,

To read the Bible as the best of all books, but still as a book, and make use of all the means and appliances which learning and skill, under the blessing of God, can afford towards rightly apprehending the general sense of it — not solicitous to find out doctrine in mere epistolary familiarity, or facts in clear *ad hominem et pro tempore* allusions to national traditions.¹⁷

REMEMBER,

If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should then feel, from the

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust,

anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness—a horrid thought!¹⁷

REMEMBER,

Man cannot be *utterly* lost to good, for then he would be a devil at once. Thus to talk is absurd.¹⁷
Even Montgomery's 'Satan,'

Though by nature a whirlpool of desires,
And mighty passions, perilously mixed,
Yet, with the darkness of the demon world,
Had he something of the light of heaven.

REMEMBER,

That victory belongs to him who is constant in faith and courage. That Peter, by faith, walked upon the water, until, momentarily losing his faith, he began to sink. A history, Goethe said, he loved better than any; as it expresses the noble doctrine that man, through faith and animated courage, may come off victor in the most dangerous enterprises, while he may be ruined by a momentary paroxysm of doubt.^a

REMEMBER,

That, as in Goethe's 'Faust,' the key to his salvation was in his activity, (it becoming constantly higher and higher, till eternal love from heaven came to his aid, thus adding to his own strength that of divine grace,) so likewise

Delivered is the noble spirit
From the control of evil powers;
Who *ceaselessly* doth strive must merit
That we should save and make him ours:

And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Celestial love did never cease
 To watch him from its upper sphere;
 The children of eternal peace
 Bear him to cordial welcome there...b

REMEMBER,

Not as Goethe hath it, but that we *should* give utterance to our higher maxims, trusting that some of the good seed may fall upon good ground, not 'keeping them within ourselves, when they are not likely to do good without,' thus erecting ourselves into keepers of the 'Lord's treasury;' for by their distribution, broadcast upon the waters, if in faith, they will not return void, but meet with some hearts fitted for their reception, and, to use his own words for exclusiveness, 'they will not fail to diffuse over their actions the mild radiance of a hidden sun.'^a

REMEMBER,

He who refuses forgiveness, breaks the bridge over which he must pass; for all need forgiveness.

'To err is human; to forgive, divine:'

How beautiful falls
 From human lips that blessed word — forgive!
 Thrice happy is he whose heart has been so schooled
 In the meek lessons of humanity,
 That he can give it utterance: it imparts
 Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
 And maketh man an angel...b

REMEMBER,

The world is not so framed that it can keep quiet. Could we perfect human nature, we might

Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done,

expect perfection everywhere; but as it is, there will always be this wavering hither and thither; one part must suffer, while the other is at ease. Envy and egotism will be always at work like bad demons, and party conflicts (and those of sects) find no end. Do what you were born, or have learned to do, and avoid hindering others from doing the same.¹⁶

Trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever active flame;
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn...73

REMEMBER,

So to live in thy earlier, that in thy latter day, you may say, as did Goethe at the age of seventy-five, 'One must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness. I am so fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which to our earthly eyes seems to set in night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its light elsewhere.'¹⁶

REMEMBER,

And judge not man by his outward manifestation of faith; for some there are, who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of Faith;

And thy thoughts which are to us-ward.

others, who stoutly venture in the dark their human confidence, their leader, which they mistake for Faith ; some, whose Hope totters upon crutches ; others, who stalk into futurity upon stilts. The difference is chiefly constitutional with them.¹⁸

REMEMBER,

That maxim is of earth, of fallible man, which says, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.' It may be, but with equal probability also the voice of the devil. That the voice of ten millions of men calling for the same thing, is a spirit, I believe ; but whether that be the spirit of heaven or hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the prescript of reason.¹⁷ Even then that knowledge must be infinite, embracing the whole cycle of God's universe. Better said, by the same, 'Public opinion is the average prejudices of the community.'

REMEMBER,

The apple falls not by chance. Chance is an unascertained law.

REMEMBER,

That religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will *alone*, and of

They cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee :

itself, gentilize, if unmixed with cant ; and I know of nothing else that will.¹⁷

REMEMBER,

Believing with me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing he pleaseth thereupon — that is the last, the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth.¹⁷

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;
For the same God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all...b

REMEMBER,

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel; depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts ; they are worse, a great deal worse.

As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but, in this life, never wholly destroyed.¹⁷

REMEMBER,

The Earth, with its scarred face, is the symbol of the Past ; the Air and Heaven, of Futurity.¹⁷

If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

REMEMBER,

So to regard the absent who are out of hearing as virtually under the protection of that law of Jewish charity —

‘Thou shalt not curse the deaf.’...21

REMEMBER,

Man is greater than a world — than systems of worlds: there is more mystery in the union of soul with the physical, than in the creation of an universe.²⁰

I never could feel any force in the arguments for a plurality of worlds, in the common acceptance of that term. The vulgar inference is *in alio genere* (for other beings). What in the eye of an intellectual and omnipotent Being is the whole sidereal system to the soul of one man for whom Christ died?¹⁷

I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir...Ps. xiii. 12.

Coleridge adds, — A lady once asked me, ‘What then could be the intention in creating so many great bodies, so apparently useless to us?’ I said, I did not know, except, perhaps, to make *dirt* cheap!

REMEMBER,

A good jest well-timed, for misfortune, may prove as food and drink — strength to the arm,

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire :

digestion to the stomach, courage to the heart. It is better than wisdom or wine. A prosperous man may afford to be melancholy : but if the miserable are so, they are worse than dead — but it is sure to kill them.²⁵

The heart-gates, mighty, open either way, —
Come they to feast, or go they forth to pray...29

REMEMBER,

There are nigh a thousand million ghosts walking the earth openly at noontide ; some half hundred have vanished from it, some half hundred have arisen in it, ere the watch tick once. We carry ghosts in us — indeed, we are very ghosts.²¹

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave...40

March — march — march !
Earth groans as they tread !
Each carries a skull,
Going down to the dead !

Every stride, every stamp,
Every footfall is bolder ;
'T is a skeleton's tramp,
With a skull on his shoulder.

But, ho ! how he steps
With a high-tossing head,
That clay-covered bone,
Going down to the dead !...22

REMEMBER,

And repine not over your daily lot ; but regard all your labor solely as a symbol ; at bottom, it does not signify whether we make pots or dishes.¹⁶

Mine ears hast thou opened :

‘The reward of work well done, is the having done it.’

REMEMBER,

It is not always the dark place that hinders, but sometimes the dim eye.²¹

.....’T is by comparison an easy task
Earth to despise ; but to converse with heaven —
This is not easy...b

Know,
Without or star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven.
Love finds admission where proud science fails...35

REMEMBER,

The first creature of God in the works of the days was the light of the sense ; the last, was the light of reason : and his Sabbath work ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit.²⁴ And will he not accomplish this work also ?

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be e’er for light : and strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race...40

REMEMBER,

Of the most excellent portion of the soul, it must be said, God has given it to each man as a seal of divinity, which may elevate us from the earth to an affinity with heaven, for we are not sprung from earth, but from heaven.²¹

‘For we are His offspring.’

Burnt offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.

REMEMBER,

And make search for that 'inmost centre in us
all, where truth abides in fulness;' and there learn
that to *know*

Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may dart forth
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without...75

REMEMBER,

That a beautiful form is better than a beautiful
face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful
form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues
or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.⁸

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding;
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy.
Scratch the green rind of the sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come...30

REMEMBER,

Every moment instructs, and every object; for
wisdom is infused into every form. It has been
poured into us as blood: it convulsed us as pain:
it slid into us as pleasure: it enveloped us in dull,
melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor: we
did not guess its essence until after long time.⁸

All things are equal, to the heart that bears
A faith unblanching through earth's thousand snares...b

REMEMBER,

To ask thyself, if sorely tempted, 'Can it be of
use to man to get gold by injustice?' Nay; there-
by he subjects the Beautiful in his nature to the

Then said I, Lo, I come : in the volume of the book it is written of me,

Contemptible, and so becomes wretched. When a man causes the Divine in him to serve the ungodly, and has no compassion on himself, is he not most of all to be pitied? ²⁴

There is a mighty dawning on the earth
Of human glory ; dreams unknown before
Fill the mind's boundless world, and wondrous birth
Is given to great thought ; the deep-drawn lore,
But late a hidden fount, at which a few
Quaffed and were glad, is now a flowing river,
Which the parched nations may approach and view,
Kneel down and drink, or float in it forever.
The bonds of Spirit are asunder broken,
And Matter makes a very sport of distance ;
On every side appears a silent token
Of what will be hereafter, when Existence
Shall even become a pure and equal thing,
And earth sweep high as heaven, on solemn wing...⁷⁴

REMEMBER,

Now, that you find not cause after to lament, as did Sterne, that he had not used his sorrows as a reasonable man.

'Tis good
To be subdued at times ; the heart is wooed
By these pure impulses to purer things.
Cherish within your souls whatever brings
Moments of sweet communion with high thought...b

REMEMBER,

There are two bridges whereby earnest souls pass from the finite to the infinite : one is a rainbow, which spans the dark river ; and this is Faith : the other is a shadow, cast quite over by the giant Superstition, when he stands between the setting sun and the unknown shore.⁶

Angels attend thee ! may their wings
Fan every shadow from thy brow...b

I delight to do thy will, O my God :

REMEMBER,

‘War is a game which, if their subjects were wise, kings could not play at.’ Or, as Mrs. Child has it, ‘War is a game in which the devil plays at nine-pins with the souls of men.’ Contemplate God’s image with a musket. What a fine looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it, what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergeant’s shilling? Yet, O man of war! at this very moment are you shrinking, withering like an aged giant. The fingers of Opinion have been busy at your plumes. You are not the feathered thing you were; and then this little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy, and the corroding INK, even whilst you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of iron into your sword!⁷⁰

And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

REMEMBER,

Be assured the period of peace and universal benevolence shall come, which is the burden of prophecy and the vision of hope,

Yea, thy law is within my heart.

When the bright chain of love, that God hath given,
Shall extend from heart to heart, and thence to heaven...31

Yet much remains
To conquer still : peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war...9

REMEMBER,

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.⁵⁰

O! love and life are mysterious, both blessing and both blest,
And yet how much they teach the heart of trial and unrest!...63

REMEMBER,

The teachings of the writer of the book of Job, — who has drawn down the heavens to the earth, encamped their hosts invisibly around the bed of the languishing, and made the afflictions of the sufferer a spectacle to angels, — has taught that God, too, looks with a watchful eye upon his creatures, and exposes them to the trial of their integrity for the maintenance of his own truth, and the promotion of his own glory.²⁶

When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

He is one mind, and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doeth.

REMEMBER,

The faculty of Imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement.²⁷

Carry with thee the impress, a living picture of

I have preached righteousness in the great congregation.

the sufferings of the destitute, the wants of the ignorant, and their claims to humanity. Nothing can give greater energy to the philanthropist, or more move the benevolent, than the power of entering in thought into the situation of others. In our lonely hours, in our evening meditations, in our noon-day walks, we may, in our minds, see the forms of the sorrowing, the woe of the oppressed, the moral desolation of the sinful. It is this which will touch the deepest springs of the soul, awaken the noblest sentiments, and lead to the most untiring exertions.²⁸ Imagination thus cultivated bears with it no attendant ill; its want of culture is chiefly to be deprecated.

There sits not on the wilderness' edge,
 In the dusk lodges of the wintry North,
 Nor couches in the rice-field's slimy sedge,
 Nor on the cold, wild waters ventures forth, —
 Who waits not, in the pauses of his toil,
 With hope that spirits in the air may sing;
 Who upward turns not at propitious times,
 Breathless, his silent features listening,
 In desert and in lodge, on marsh and main,
To feed his hungry heart and conquer pain...29

REMEMBER,

It is only the stout heart, and strong, resolute will, that enables one in truth to say,

This life of mine
 Must be lived out, and a grave thoroughly earned.

Pitch then thy project high :
 Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the sky
 Shoots higher much than if he meant a tree.
 Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
 And when, and how, the business may be done...76

Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

REMEMBER,

Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man, when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow: future interest he meets with present pleasure; but Love, that sun against whose melting beams the winter cannot stand — that soft subliming slumber which wrestles down the giant, there is not one human being in a million, nor a thousand men in all earth's huge quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love.³⁰

'T is Love unites what sin divides;
The centre where all bliss resides;
To which the soul once brought
Reclining on the first Great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
Peace passing human thought...b

REMEMBER,

The true culture of the imagination does not lead to sentimentalism, but elevates the mind above that which is selfish and sensual, and quickens it into spiritual life, till it glows with charity, and delights to exercise itself in self-denial, and in a wise zeal for the good of others.

The imagination is a native faculty of the soul. Its growth is at first spontaneous. It simply needs guidance. Live it will in some form; but whether for evil or for good, depends on its culture. If we would keep the imagination healthy, we must give

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart :

it proper employment. To prevent it from going in a wrong direction, we have only to keep it in the right. Preoccupy it by what is good. Present it to the pure and fair ; then will its love for the True shield it from the False ; it will stand as the uncompromising friend of Virtue ; and, as the flaming cherubim guarded the gates of Eden, it will guard the avenues of the soul.²⁸

Why, when all is bright and happy, should a gloom
Be spread around us ? O, blind and thoughtless soul !
'Tis the same power that reigns, and the same love
Is traced alike in sunshine and in shade ;
The cloud that bears the thunder in its folds
Comes on the errand of good-will to man !
O, we should cling too close to earth, and love
Too well its pleasures and delight,
Were there no shadows on its scenes of light,
No sorrow mingled with its cup of joy.
If sweet fulfilment followed all our hopes,
Like the unfoldings of a spring flower-bud,
We should not seek a better world than this ;
Where then would be the reachings of the soul
For higher pleasures, and those purer joys
That have no other dwelling-place but heaven ?...48

REMEMBER,

For this is the great end of all calamities, God doth not willingly afflict ; — trouble never cometh without an urgent cause ; and though man in his perverseness often misses all the prize of purity, whilst he pays all the penalty of pain, still the motive that sent sorrow was the same. In many modes the heart of man is tried, as gold must be refined by many methods ; and happiest is the heart, that, being tried by many, comes purest out

I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation :

of all. If prosperity melts it as a flux, well ; but better too than well, if the acid of affliction afterwards eats away all unseen impurities ; whereas to those with whom the world is in their heart, affluence only hardens and penury embitters, and thus, though they burn in many fires, their hearts are dross in all.

Hearts-ease — hearts-afflictions. Of the unthoughtful in prosperity, unsoftened by adversity, well may it be said of them, Hearts of stone, hearts of stone!³⁰

Rejoice with trembling, mourn with hope,
Take life as life was given ;
Its rough ascent, its flowery slope,
May lead alike to heaven...⁴³

REMEMBER,

‘As no man liveth to himself,’ so no man sinneth to himself ; and every vagrant habit uprooted from the young and ignorant — every principle of duty strengthened — every encouragement to reform offered, and rightly persevered in — is casting a shield of safety over the property, life, peace, and every true interest of community ; so that it may be said of this most emphatically, as of every duty of man, ‘Knowing these things, *happy are ye if ye do them.*’³²

Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth or is still ;
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will.

I have not concealed thy loving-kindness,

Moves one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on forever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed:
Will ripens into deed;
As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, forever!

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper, and go by,
'I never watch in vain.'
Moves one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever!

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time,
On, on, forever!...15

REMEMBER,

When storms lower, and wintry winds oppress thee, that Nature, dear goddess, is beautiful, always beautiful! Every little flake of snow is such a perfect crystal, and they fall together so gracefully, as if fairies of the air caught water-drops and made them into artificial flowers to garland the wings of the wind! O! it is the saddest of all things, that even one human soul should dimly perceive the beauty that is ever around us, 'a perpetual benediction.' Nature, that great missionary of the Most High, preaches to us forever in all tones of love, and writes truth in

And thy truth from the great congregation.

all colors, on manuscripts illuminated with stars and flowers. If we were in harmony with the *whole*, we might understand her. Here and there a spirit, less at discord, hears semi-tones in the ocean and wind, and when the stars look into his heart, he is stirred with dim recollection of a universal language, which would reveal *all*, if he only remembered the alphabet.⁶

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrow that thou wouldst forget;
If thou wouldst read a lesson that would keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears...40

REMEMBER,

For is it not Bettine who says, When one stands alone at night amidst unfettered Nature, it seems as though she were a spirit praying to man for release? And *should* man set Nature free? I must reflect upon this: That man should make himself an imitation, this is the fact which Nature deplores, moans over, deprecates beseechingly. Be spontaneous, be trustful, be free, and thus be individuals, is the song she constantly sings through warbling birds, and whispering pines, and roaring waves, and screeching winds. She wails and implores, because man keeps her in captivity, and he alone can set her free. To those who rise above custom and tradition, and dare to

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord ;

trust their own wings never so little above the crowd, how eagerly does she throw her garland-ladders to tempt them upward ! How beautiful, how angelic seems every fragment of life which is earnest and true !⁶

O, not in the *outward world* alone,
 May THE BEAUTIFUL be to the soul made known ;
 In its own far depths, in its *inner life*,
 Silent and pure is its spirit rife...³³

REMEMBER,

There is babbling more than enough ; but among it all, one finds little true speech or true silence. The dullest mind has some beauty peculiarly its own : but it echoes, and does not speak *itself*. It strives to write as schools have taught, as custom dictates, or as sects prescribe ; and so it stammers, and makes no utterance. Nature made us individuals, as she did the flowers and the pebbles, but we are afraid to be peculiar, and so our society resembles a bag of marbles or a string of mould candles. Why should we all dress after the same fashion ? The frost never paints my windows twice alike.

In deeds and in motives untold by the tongue,
 By chisel uncarved, by poets unsung, —
 The BEAUTIFUL *lives in the depths of the soul*...³³

REMEMBER,

Every man can be really great, if he will only trust his own instincts, think his own thoughts,

Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

and say his own say. The stupidest fellow, if he would but reveal with childlike honesty how he feels and he thinks, when the stars wink at him, when he sees the ocean for the first time, when music comes over the waters, or when he and his beloved look into each other's eyes, — would he but *reveal* this, the world would hail him as a genius in *his* way, and would prefer his story to all the epics that ever were written, from Homer to Scott.⁶

The commonest mind is full of thought, some worthy of the rarest;
And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth...b

REMEMBER,

Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and he who was greater than all prophets, was 'a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief.'⁶

REMEMBER,

All sorrow raises us above the civic, ceremonial law, and makes the prosaist a psalmist.³⁴

Never rail at the world — it is just as we make it,
We see not the flower if we see not the seed;
And as for ill luck, why it's just as we take it,
The heart that 's in earnest no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast,
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
But remember, this world, though it be not the best,
Is next to the best we shall ever attain:

For innumerable evils have compassed me about ;

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
That feeling which questions society's claim;
For often poor friendship is less in the fault,
Less chargeable oft than the selfish who blame;
Then ne'er by the changes of fate be depressed,
Nor wear like a fetter Time's sorrowful chain;
But believe that this world, though it be not the best,
Is next to the best we shall ever attain...51

REMEMBER,

If thy heart yearns for love, *be* loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, *be* free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, *be* frank to him: 'But what will people say?'—Eternal and sure is this promise, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' Only have faith in this, and thou wilt live high above the rewards and punishments of that *spectral giant*, which men call *Society*. Be found with thine own conscience in that circle of duties, which widens ever, till it enfolds all beings and touches the throne of God.⁶

Be noble ! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, *sleeping*, but never *dead*,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own...b

REMEMBER,

To think gently of all, and include all without exception in the circle of our kindly sympathies, not thrusting out even the common hangman (though if athirst, I should prefer receiving water, if it required waiting, from other hands than his). Yet what is the hangman but a servant of public opinion? And what is the law but an expression

Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up ;

of public opinion? And if public opinion is brutal, and thou a component part thereof, art thou not the hangman's accomplice? In the name of our common Father, sing thy part of the great chorus in the truest time, and thus bring this crashing discord into harmony.⁵

Man is dear to man ; the poorest poor
 Long for some moments in a weary life
 When they can know and feel that they have been
 Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
 Of some small blessings ; have been kind to such
 As needed kindness, *for this single cause,*
 That we have all of us one human heart...7

REMEMBER,

He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt ; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth best avert the dolours of death...²³

But set thyself about it, as the sea
 About earth, lashing at it day and night ;
 And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it,
 As thorough as the fossil-flower in clay...2

REMEMBER,

So to live as to be able to feel in spirit as said that dying, good man, whose conscience was void of offence — we allude to James Naylor, the 'enthusiastic Quaker' — 'There is a spirit which I feel, that delights to do no evil, to revenge no wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hopes to enjoy its own unto the end : its hope is to outlive all

They are more than the hairs of mine head :

wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptation : as it fears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other ; if it be betrayed, it bears it, for its ground and spring are the mercies and forgiveness of God — its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it with lowliness of mind. In God alone can it rejoice, though none else can regard it, or can own its life ; it is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any pity for it ; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings, for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who live in dens and desolate places in the earth, who through death obtained this resurrection and eternal life.'³⁵

.....for I do see a change,
All rainbowed in the far-off future time,
When men will stamp their demon-creeds to dust,
And know the Evangel in its very heart,
Regardless of the form...⁶⁰

REMEMBER,

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it ; for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which

Therefore mine heart faileth me.

are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so, simply because they are the very ones he most needs.⁶

.....argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward...⁹

REMEMBER,

The vexations of pecuniary difficulties in the main come not out of man's destiny, and are therefore not healthy for the soul. They are produced by the false structure of society, which daily sends thousands of kind and generous hearts down to ruin and despair, in its great whirl of falsity and wrong. These are victims of a stinging grief, which has nothing divine in it, and brings no healing on its wings.⁶

Through cloud and sunshine, flower and thorn,
Pursue thy even way,
Nor let thy better hopes be born
Of things that must decay...⁴³

REMEMBER,

My friend, all speech and rumor is short-lived, foolish, untrue. Genuine *work* alone, what thou worketh faithfully, that is eternal. Stand thou by that, and let 'Fame' and the rest of it go prating.³⁶

Take courage, then — raise the arm — strike home, and that right lustily: the citadel of Hope must yield to noble desire, thus seconded by noble efforts.^a

Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me.

Work, work with right endeavor;
 Walls of brass resist not
 A noble undertaking — nor can Vice
 Raise any bulwark to make good a place,
 Where Virtue seeks to enter...b

REMEMBER,

And while remembering, let us endeavor to be
 so studied in the soul's anatomy, as to be able
 dexterously to dissect the old man.³⁵

So tread life's path, in sunshine dressed,
 With lowly, cautious fear;
 That, when grief's shadows o'er it rest,
 Its memory may be dear...43

REMEMBER,

We shall not love our own household less, be-
 cause we love others more. In the beautiful words
 of Frederika Bremer — 'The human heart is like
 heaven: the more angels the more room.'⁶

True piety has in it nothing weak, nothing sad,
 nothing constrained. It enlarges the heart; it is
 simple, free, and attractive.³⁷

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the
 way to heaven, who desires to go thither alone.³⁸

REMEMBER,

Since the days that are past are gone forever,
 and those that are to come may not come to thee;
 it behoveth thee to employ the present time, with-
 out regretting the loss of that which is past, or too
 much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine: the next is in the womb

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee :

of futurity; and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.³⁹

Look not mournfully into the Past — it is gone;
Improve the Present — it is thine;
And go joyously into the Future...40

REMEMBER,

The promises of Hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of Fear are a terror to the heart. From fear proceedeth misfortune; but he that hopeth, helpeth himself. Nevertheless, let no Hope allure, nor Fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.³⁹

It were a happy lot, if, every day,
One had the power some act of grace to do —
Some pious hope, or effort to renew,
Where hope had swooned, and strength been swept away
By suffering or grief!...b

REMEMBER,

If thou art prevented of a benefit, fly not into a rage: the loss of thy reason is want of a greater.³⁹

REMEMBER,

And indulge not thyself in anger: it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

Do nothing in thy passion: why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

Let such as love thy salvation say continually,

On the heels of Folly treadeth Shame: at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

Consider and forget not thine own weakness: so shalt thou praise the failing of others.³⁹

REMEMBER,

It is the middle path between Joy and Grief, which leads to the bower of Contentment. With her dwelleth Peace; with her dwelleth Safety and Tranquillity. She is serious, but not grave; she vieweth the joys and the sorrows of life with steadiness and serenity.³⁹

REMEMBER,

The heart of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flowers: the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, but burieth them in her bosom, and produceth nothing.³⁹

REMEMBER,

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity, how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling for their woes?

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the

The Lord be magnified.

widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow, remember and pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

Thine hand, is it not a miracle? is there in the creation aught like unto it? Wherefore was it given to thee, but that thou mightest stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother?....³⁹

'Go gladly, with true sympathy,
Where Want's pale victims pine,
And bid life's sweetest smiles again
Along their pathway shine.'

REMEMBER,

The man who neglecteth his present concerns, to revolve how he will behave when greater, feedeth himself with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.³⁹

.....fortune never comes with both hands full,
But writes her fair words in foulest letters.
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not...50

REMEMBER,

Of all things living, thou art alone made capable of blushing. Consider, the world shall read thy shame upon thy face — therefore, do nothing shameful.

Know thyself. The last and the pride of creation; the link uniting divinity and matter: behold a part of God himself within thee; remember

Thou art my help and my deliverer....*Ps. XL.*

thine own dignity, nor dare to descend to evil or meanness.

Vaunt not of thy body, because it was first formed; nor of thy brain, because therein thy soul resideth. Is not the master of the house more honorable than its walls?

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame: suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.³⁹

REMEMBER,

Wouldst thou see thine insufficiency more plainly, view thyself at thy devotions: to what end was religion instituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities? to remind thee of thy weakness? to show thee, that from Heaven alone thou art to hope for good?³⁹

Religion payeth honor to thy Maker; let it not be clouded with melancholy.

REMEMBER,

When thou doest good, do it because it is good, nor because men esteem it: when thou avoidest evil, flee it because it is evil, not because men speak against it; be honest for the love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so: he that doeth it without principle is wavering.

Say not unto thyself, Behold truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it: dissimulation raiseth

Lord, make me to know mine end,

friends, and I will follow it. Are not the enemies made by truth better than the friends obtained by flattery?³⁹

REMEMBER,

The poor hath chiefly the good of his own state committed unto him: the rich is intrusted with the welfare of thousands.

He who squandereth away his treasure, refuseth the means to do good: he denieth himself the practice of virtues whose reward is in their hand; whose end is no other than his own happiness.³⁹

In common worldly things, 't is called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you...50

REMEMBER,

The sorrows of a pure heart are like May frosts, the forerunner of a fervent summer time.

The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dewdrops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.³⁹

REMEMBER,

It is not thou that art to give laws to the world: thy part is to submit to them as thou findest them; if they distress thee, thy lamenting is but adding to thy torment.

What is the source of sadness, but feebleness of

And the measure of my days, what it is ;

the soul? what giveth it power, but the want of spirit? Rouse thyself to the combat, and she quitteth the field before thou striketh.³⁹

‘Have I sinned? O say wherein;
Tell me, and forgive my sin!’

REMEMBER,

Of permanent griefs there are none; for they are but clouds. The swifter they move through the sky, the more follow after them; and even the immovable ones are absorbed by the other, and become even smaller till they vanish.³⁴

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows;
Which show like grief itself, but are not so;
For Sorrow’s eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects...50

REMEMBER,

Christianity is a system of Love. Like her divine Founder, wherever she prosecutes her journey of mercy, she breathes ‘on earth peace, goodwill towards men.’ And in proportion as we cherish her spirit, and are influenced by her precepts, our conduct will exemplify ‘whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.’⁴⁹

.....while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of Wisdom, Love, and Might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is bright...b

REMEMBER,

Affliction is a divine diet; which, though it be

That I may know how frail I am.

not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter physic, to those children whose souls are dearest to Him.⁵²

Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God;
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod...b

REMEMBER,

Nature, indeed, draws tears out of the eyes, and sighs out of the breast, so quickly, that the wise man can never wholly lay aside the garb of mourning from his body; but let his soul wear none. Though philosophy may not, like a stroke of the brush of Rubens, transform a laughing child into a weeping one, it is well if it change the full mourning of the soul into half mourning, by teaching us how to bear present transient ills.

Even physical pain shoots its sparks upon us out of the electrical condenser of the imagination. The most acute pangs could be endured calmly, if they lasted only the sixtieth part of a second; but, in fact, we never have to endure an hour of pain, but only a succession of the sixtieth parts of a second, the sixty beams of which are collected into the burning focus of a second, and directed upon our nerves by the imagination alone. The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is

O, spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

bodiless, or immaterial, namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.³⁴

REMEMBER,

As Richter's 'Firmian' 'did well,' 'in that he touched lightly and passed hastily in narration over the bad year of his stomach, over his *hard times*, over the figurative winter of his life, though in the eyes of his intimate friend, his pallid, withered face, and his sunken eye, formed the frontispiece of his months of ice, and was a winter landscape of this snow-covered portion of his path of life; because no one deserves the name of *man* who makes a greater fuss about the wounds of poverty than a girl makes about those of her ears, since, equally in both cases, hooks, whereby to suspend jewels, are inserted into the wounds.'³⁴

'Is not the life more than meat?'

But when we recount the deepest hidden wounds of the soul, by which the inner man is riven, then, like the discharge of pent-up, peccant matter, by the surgeon's lance, find we relief from pain-pulses in the flow of tears shed by sympathy by the true friend.^a

.....Light came from darkness, gladness from despair,
As, when the sunlight fadeth from the earth,
Star after star comes out upon the sky,
And shining worlds, that had not been revealed
In day's full light, are then made manifest.
Thus it is when, light of earth shut out,

Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth ;

Our thoughts turned inward, we discover there
Things of immortal wonder, living springs
Of an unfailing comfort ; hidden things
Brighter than earth's allurements. We can trace
The operations of the immortal mind,
On its high path to excellence and joy,
And see the prize of its high calling there...48

REMEMBER,

Of losses man is subject to, no one there is
greater than loss of self. The soul that cannot
erect itself, — walketh not upright, — is deformed
indeed. 'What profiteth it a man if he gain the
whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall
he give in exchange for his soul?'^a

'Vice is a monster of so horrid mien,
To be hated it needs but to be seen.'

REMEMBER,

In all thy strivings, all thy buffetings, all thy
yearnings of spirit, that

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends ;
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man? Three treasures — Love and Light,
And calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath : —
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his *Maker*, and the *Angel Death*...17

REMEMBER,

In joy and affliction, and resolve with Siebenkäs :
'It is thy intention to try my soul, good Destiny,
and therefore dost thou put it into every position,
as a man does his watch, into a perpendicular and
a horizontal position, easy and uneasy ones, in
order to see whether it goes well, and shows the
time correctly. Verily it shall !'³⁴

And mine age is as nothing before thee :

.....For what was called
Affliction, brought an evidence of love.
It came disguised in sorrow's livery,
But it threw off her borrowed garb, and, lo!
The white-robed Angel of celestial love,
With her sweet influence, was there. She stilled
His troubled thoughts, opened his blinded heart,
And led him out beyond the changing earth,
And pointed up to the Eternal Mind,
That taketh knowledge of a sparrow's fall,
And lights a world with glory ; that will hear
A sigh's low music 'mid the swelling praise
Which rushes upward from a thousand realms...48

REMEMBER,

It has been said of old time, 'He that is angry with his brother *without cause*, shall be, yea, verily is, in danger of the judgment:' but have we not now of the Father, through the Son and the Holy Spirit, that better law which knoweth *no cause* for anger? Verily, have we not all one Father, Him who created us all of one blood? Are we not all brethren? Bear we not God's image? Breathed he not of his quickening spirit into us? 'Canst thou not endure with thy brother's small offences for a brief time, when thy Father hast endured thy many and often flagrant sins through thy whole life?' O my brother! put away far from thee all anger — contempt — evil-speaking — evil suggestions — all that savors not of humility; for aught else is but the soul-snares of the Tempter. By our entreaties, by our sorrows, by our tears, we would cause thee to *feel* thou hast a brother

Verily, every man at his best estate is altogether as vanity. Selah.

who will not, cannot forsake thee, but would have thee *see* in him that image, that spirit, which cometh from the Father, (and which thou art marring,) working its perfect work, through patience ; fighting the good fight, finishing the faith, ere it returneth home to the bosom of the Eternal and Uncreate.^a

Think gently of the erring !
 Ye know not of the power
 With which the dark temptation came
 In some unguarded hour.
 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of sadness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring !
 O, do not then forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is thy brother yet.
 Heir of the self-same heritage !
 Child of the self-same God !
 He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring !
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace are gone,
 Without thy censure rough ?
 It sure must be a weary lot
 That sin-crushed heart to bear,
 And they who share a happier fate
 Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring !
 Thou yet may'st lead them back,
 With holy words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful may yet be ;
 Deal gently with the erring one,
 As God hath dealt with thee...66

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth,

REMEMBER,

That as in the natural, so in the spiritual world, thorns are but imperfectly developed branches, waiting culture. . . . Christ is the true vine, we are the branches. O, how imperfectly developed ! the best scarcely attain to the bearing of fruit, not ripe fruit.

Let us not, by our repining, so cloud the Eden of others, so withhold the sun from our fellows, as to retard their attaining to the stature of the perfect man — the man Christ Jesus.^a

Extremity is the trier of spirits ;
Common chances common men could bear :—
When the sea is calm, all boats alike
Show mastership in floating...50

REMEMBER,

Prayer is no invention of man. It was born with the first sigh, with the first joy, the first sorrow, of the human heart. Man was born to pray ; to glorify God, or to implore Him, was his only mission here below ; all else perishes before him, or with him. It is the only thing in man which is wholly divine, and which he can exhale with joy and pride ; for this pride is a homage to Him to whom alone homage is due — the Infinite Being.

The more we reflect, the more we find that man has nothing great or beautiful appertaining to him that comes from his own power or will ; but that

And delivereth them out of all their troubles.

all that is supremely beautiful comes immediately from nature and from God. Christianity, which embraces all, has comprised it from the beginning. The first apostles felt in them that immediate action of the divinity, and exclaimed at once —
 ‘Every good and perfect gift cometh from God.’

Prayer! mighty accent — language winged — supreme —
 Which in a single sigh blends all of love,
 Which makes a thousand loved ones, scattered far,
 Seen by the heart, and present before God;
 Making among them, by fair virtue’s boon,
 The viewless interchange of heaven’s best gifts,
 One general speech, which swells unto the sky,
 And rises higher to be better heard.
 Incense unquenchable, which doth perfume
 Him who receives and him who lights the flame...⁹⁰

REMEMBER,

Two sentiments alone suffice for man, were he to live the age of the rocks — love, and the contemplation of the Deity.⁹⁰

REMEMBER,

In thy silent wishing, thy voiceless, unuttered prayer, let the desire be not cherished that afflictions may not visit thee; for well has it been said, ‘Such prayers never seem to have wings. I am willing to be purified through sorrow, and to accept it meekly as a blessing. I see that all the clouds are angels’ faces, and their voices speak harmoniously of the everlasting chime.’⁶

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
 For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
 Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease?
 For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

Many are their afflictions.

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast?
For joys in perspective, and pleasure possessed?
For the spirits that brightened my days of delight?
For the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I thank thee: but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;—
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I share;

For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;
I thank thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed—

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown;
They yielded no fruit—they are withered and gone!
The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me,
'T was the message of mercy, it led me to thee!...67

REMEMBERED BE,

This 'LIFE's' last, chief, and crowning counsel, urging onward ever
To noblest efforts: If TIME fail thee, shall LIFE fail never.
Though finished be the course, kept be the faith and the race run,
The crown of glory still waits thee, and the greeting, 'Well done—well done!' ...a

Why should man give way to doubtings,—why, O, why, should he despair?

Surely God beholds with pity all his trouble, all his care:
Shall the earth bear thistles alway? shall man from his woes part never?
Cast, O cast aside such falsehood; Truth and Hope beck onward ever.

Pause not, shrink not, though the prospect seemeth cheerless now and dark;

Brace thy strong limbs, steel thy stout heart, up, and boldly launch thy bark;

Courage, Faith give half the battle: slaves may fear, but freemen never;
Look aloft—be this thy watchword, "Onward, onward, onward ever!"

Onward in the path of duty, mindful only of the right,
In each work of goodness joining with thy heart and with thy might;
God will surely not desert thee in the holy, high endeavor;
Let this hope, then, give assurance, while resolved to press on ever.

Seems far distant to thy vision good for which hath yearned thy soul?
Yet reflect, each step thou taketh bringeth thee nearer to the goal;
The pursuit will bring enjoyment, though the end thou reachest never;
Then resolve still to press onward, seeking truth and virtue ever.

But the Lord delivereth out of them all.

Are there those who would deride thee? call thee visionary, wild?
 Heed them not for well thou knowest Prejudice is Folly's child;
 They have their reward — thou thine, following every new endeavor;
 Each advance is a fresh triumph, which but woos thee onward ever.

Each advance will open wider the broad field of active good,
 As thy destiny unfolding, shall be better understood;
 Thus as strength for good increases, still advancing, pausing never,
 Thou wilt yet win higher conquests, pressing onward, onward ever!
"BARD OF AVON."

And now, *Reader*, for a little season we part
 with thee in words and sentiment following:

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun;
 And in the dawn they floated on
 And mingled into one:
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course, with silent force
 In peace each other greeting:
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease —
 A purer sky, where all is peace...53

END OF PART I.

INTRODUCTION

TO

PART II.

READER,

Once more we wish a few words aside with thee. COLERIDGE has said, 'One should never be very forward in offering spiritual consolations to those in distress.' These, to be of any service, must be self-evolved in the first instance. To this, if memory serves, SENECA fully accords. Laboring, as we do, in a profession which calls for ministering to bodily infirmities, and requires our presence oft at the bedside of the dying — the house of mourning — words may have seemed called for at such times of trial, addressed to the souls of the living afflicted friends. These we have withheld, for reason as assigned by Seneca and Coleridge above. Indeed, as old is the authority which dictates this as the first sympathetic heart. The ancient writer of the book of Job represents the latter's friends sitting in silence: 'And they spake not a word, knowing that his grief was great.' We, with them, have preferred to wait a more 'fitting season' hoping by nice discrimination to determine *when* such conso-

see when I have out a short journey to travell, I am quickly at home.

Why should I desire a long journey?

lation can be most profitably received, for surely the *time* will present, must be, when we are to begin to 'bear one another's burthens' and 'weep with those who weep.'

Here following will be found the spirit of the utterings which we would offer. That others in the Profession will accord in the sentiment and join in our offering, we make no doubt, for their peculiar opportunities for discipline, by sight, oft repeated sight, of the 'ills flesh is heir to,' tend to enlarge and mature the heart, each throb answering to that universal law of exercise — better development.

If we did but take the Pilgrim's seat in the common pathway leading from one of our populous cities to the tomb, then would all be reminded of the nearness and frequency of Death, although they were not numbered with those whose avocation fits and leads them to compute that of the cultured, nurtured, civilized of our race, one in twenty-seven die in each year, and that only three fifths of the infant portion escape early death! Such the disparity in frequency of death between adults and infants — so many are the hearts which are touched annually by separation from loved ones — so many are those which call for 'Angel Voices' to minister unto them — we have deemed it of worth to summon such Voices, and permit them to speak in order. First of death generally, and of adults, then of death of childhood and infancy.

I could not be weary with a long walke,

The sooner my rest. " — *Warrick.*

PART II.

Of Death.

We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead...2 Cor. i. 9.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him;
He hath put him to grief...ISAIAH liii.

Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me...JOB.

That which thou soweth is not quickened except it die...ST. PAUL.

Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live...ISAIAH xxxviii.

The clay that is moistened sends back no sound. Yes, Death is silent to the ear, but it ever speaketh to the heart...20

Dead! what can, what does that mean?
O, tell me, I pray, ye wise men —
Resolve the doubt for me! —
They are dumb — all silent!...a...65

Death is but
A kind and gentle servant, who unlocks,
With noiseless hand, life's flower-encircled door,
To show us those we love...b

Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier...b

Death gives us sleep, eternal youth, and immortality...34

For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person; yet doth he devise means that his banished be not expelled from him...2 SAM. xiv. 14.

Put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?...PSALM lvi. 8.

If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I am gone to the Father...
JESUS CHRIST.

Not for him, but for us, should our tears now be shed;
Mourn, mourn for the living, but not for the dead.
Let the dirge be unsung, and awaken the psalm:
No cypress for him who lies crowned with the palm.

Though with tears for his parting
Our eyes may be dim,
For ourselves they are falling,
Not for him — not for him...b

Mourner, joy! an angel's pathway
Brightens with thy treasured flower;
Wings unseen its perfume bear thee,
Sweetest in life's darkest hour.

Christian, joy! no tie is broken —
All love's strength thou may'st retain —
God removes — but faith has spoken,
Heaven shall yield thee all again!...32

Hearken unto the word of the Lord.

ANGEL-VOICES.

The good and the true
Never die — never die :
Though gone, they are here,
Ever nigh — ever nigh...b

REMEMBER,

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly, let thy vices
die before thee.³⁹

The dead in Christ repose in guarded rest ;
Hope, in their graves, kindles her never-dying lamp,
And throws upon their treasured dust a steady ray
Full of immortality...b

REMEMBER,

Blessed are the ministrations of sorrow ! Through
it we are brought into more tender relationship to
all other forms of being, obtain a deeper insight
into the mystery of eternal life, and feel more dis-
tinctly the breathings of the Infinite.⁶

‘ It is the sorrow which God appoints is purify-
ing and ennobling, and contains within it a serious
joy.’ Our Father saw that disappointment and
separation were necessary, and he has made them
holy and elevating. From the sepulchre the stone

Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees,

is rolled away, and Angels declare to the mourners, 'He is not here, he is risen; why seek ye the living among the dead?' And a voice proclaims, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'

'There is no Death to those who know of Life;
No Time to those who see Eternity.'

REMEMBER,

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. These we would not exchange for the song of pleasure or the bursts of revelry.⁴¹

With what a marvellous vigor can the soul
Put forth its hidden strength, looking at Death
As at Angel from the courts of God!
And with what beauty, at the closing hour,
Will childhood's sweet affections blossom out...23

REMEMBER,

This, the soul's questioning: — If the soul lose this poor mansion of hers by the sudden conflagration of disease, or by the slow decay of age, is she therefore houseless and shelterless? If she cast away this soiled and tattered garment, is she therefore naked? — A child looks forward to his new suit, and dons it joyfully; we cling to our rags and foulness. Ask thyself, why we should not welcome Death as one who brings us tidings of the finding of long-lost titles to a large family estate, and set out gladly to take possession,

Which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz.

though, it may be, not without a natural tear for the humbler home we are leaving. Death always means us a kindness, though he has often a gruff way of offering it. Even if the soul never returns from that chartless and unmapped country, which I do not believe, I would take this reason as a good one.⁵

As Noah's pigeon, which returned no more,
Did show she footing found, for all the flood;
So when good souls, departed through death's door,
Come not again, it shows their dwelling good...42

' As o'er the deep
The lone birds sweep,
And on its white foam dwell,
O'er life's dark sea,
On, on ye flee —
Loved ones, farewell — farewell!
The lonely heart
Must widely part
From those it loves so well,
But Mem'ry's gleam
Shall light life's dream —
Dear friends, farewell — farewell!
And in yon skies,
Where ne'er shall rise
The fearful parting knell,
Life's fever past,
We'll meet at last —
Sisters, farewell — farewell !'

REMEMBER,

That though the realm of Death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which

I said, in the cutting off of my days,

his sun sinks, and sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day.⁵

The death-bed of the just —
 Angels should paint it, — Angels ever there!
 There on a post of honor and of joy...35

REMEMBER,

The body is a more expert dialectician than the soul, and buffets it, even to bewilderment, with the empty bladders of logic; but the soul can retire from the dust and turmoil of such conflict, to the high tower of instinctive faith, and there, in hushed serenity, take comfort of the sympathizing stars. We look at death through the cheap glazed windows of the flesh, and believe him for the monster which the flawed and crooked glass presents him.⁵

'Choice befits not our condition —
 Acquiescence is the best.'

REMEMBER,

Before us stands the Future, a shadow robed in vapor, with a far off sunlight shining through. The Present is around us — passing away — passing away. And *we*? O, fearful indeed is this earth's pilgrimage, when the soul has learned that all its sounds are echoes, all its sights are shadows! — But, lo! the clouds open, and a face serene and hopeful looks forth and says, Be thou as a little child, and thus shalt thou become a seraph. The

I shall go to the gates of the grave ;

shadows which perplex thee are all realities — the echoes are all from the Eternal Voice which gave to light its being. All the changes around thee are but images of the Infinite and the True, seen in the mirror of Time, as they pass by, each on a heavenly mission.⁶

.....As the tree
 Stands in the sun, and shadows all beneath,
 So, in the light of great Eternity,
 Life *eminent* creates the shade of death;
 The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall.
 But life shall reign forever over all...86

REMEMBER,

And 'sorrow not as those who have no hope.' It is good for us at times to be sad, to be serious; to meditate profoundly, to send our thoughts earnestly forward to another world; to hush the sound of mirth and shade the splendors of life, and hold meek and reverential communion with Him who presideth over all. Those wish not wisely who desire life to be like one strain of music, or the sparkle of a summer's wave. Suffering often calls forth our best feelings, and the highest energies of the mind. It exalts and purifies. It awakens a true spirit, and naturally leads us nearer to heaven. As the shadow of Peter is said to have given life to those upon whom it rested, so often will sorrow give higher life to the soul.²⁸

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;
 Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure

I am deprived of the residue of my years.

For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
 Where sorrow is held intrusive, and turned out,
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity...50

REMEMBER,

Life is short. 'Man has two minutes and a half to live — one to smile, one to sigh, and a half to love — for in the middle of this he dies ! But the grave is not deep — it is the shining tread of an Angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the fatal dart at the end of man, then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.³⁴

.....the time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 If Life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour...50

REMEMBER,

The record of life runs thus : Man creeps into childhood — bounds into youth — sobers into manhood — softens into age — totters into second childhood, and slumbers into the cradle prepared for him²⁰ — thence to be watched and cared for by Angels, until awakened into that new and spirit-life where he shall know no age or after decay.

A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay ;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveller between life and death...7

REMEMBER,

Although the loss of a friend often afflicts us less by the momentary shock than when it is

I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

brought back to our minds some time afterward, by the sight of some object associated with him in the memory — of something which reminds us that we have laughed together, or shed tears together; that our hearts have trembled under the same breeze of gladness, or that we have bowed our heads under the same stroke of sorrow. So may one behold the sun sink quietly below the horizon, without leaving anything to betoken that he is gone; while the sky seems to stand unconscious of its loss, unless its chill blueness in the east be interpreted into an expression of dismay. But anon, rose-tinted clouds — call them rather streaks of rosy light — come forward in the west, as it were to announce the tiding of a joyous resurrection.⁴⁶

Partaken mercies are forgotten things,
But Expectation hath a grateful heart,
Hailing the smile of promise from afar.
Enjoyment dies into ingratitude...326

REMEMBER,

The shore of the beautiful spring is steep, and we swim on the dead sea of life near the shore, but we the ephemera have no wings. Death, this sublime evening-red of our St. Thomas' day, this great amen of our hope, shouted across from yonder shore, would appear before our low couch, like a beautiful crowned giant, and lift us up by de-

Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent ;

grees into the ether, and rock us there, were it not we are broken and stupefied ere thrown into his gigantic arms. It is illness alone that takes from death his glory ; and the pinions of the aspiring soul, (laden and stained with blood, tears, and clumps of earth,) trail broken on the ground. But death is a flight, and no fall, only *then* when the hero throws himself upon one single fatal wound, and man stands like a spring-world full of new blossoms and old fruit, and the earth passes by him like a comet.³⁴

‘So may we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power ;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.’

REMEMBER,

Joy, most of all, loves to see Death at her festive board ; for he is himself a joy, and the last rapture of earth. Only the vulgar can confound the heavenward soaring flight of humanity, into the far land of the spring, with the mock funeral phenomena on the earth ; in the same manner as they take the hooting of owls, on their departure for warmer climes, for the rattling of ghosts.³⁴

Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
And nature feels it painful not to rise...90

REMEMBER,

If the hidden Infinite One, who is encompassed

I have cut off like a weaver my life;

by gleaming abysses without bounds, and who himself creates the bounds, were now to lay immensity open to thy view, and to reveal himself to thee in the distribution of the suns, the lofty spirit, the little human hearts, and our days and some tears therein,—wouldst thou rise up out of thy dust against Him, and say, ‘Almighty! be other than thou art!’

But be one sorrow alone forgiven thee, or made good to thee—the sorrow for thy dead ones; for this sweet sorrow for the lost is itself but another form of consolation. When the heart is full of longing for them, it is but another mode of continuing to love them; and we shed tears as well when we think of their departure, as when we picture to ourselves our joyful reünion—and the tears, methinks, differ not.³⁴

When in anxious, troubled hours
Our grieved hearts almost despond,
When subdued by sickness,
Anguish gnaws upon the spirit,
O, then it is, God himself stoops down;
His love approaches near to us,—
Then we look beyond our present griefs,
And there appears His angel before us;
Who brings the cup of joyous life,
And whispers that peace and comfort
Which his children ask not in vain....⁶⁵

REMEMBER,

There is healing in the bitter cup. God takes away, or removes far from us, those we love, as hostages of our faith, (if I may so express it;) and

I did mourn as a dove ;

to those who look forward to a reünion in another world, where there will be no separation, and no mutability, except that which arises from perpetual progressiveness, the evening of life becomes more delightful than the morning, and the sunset offers brighter and lovelier visions than those which we build up in the morning clouds, and which appear before the strength of the day. Faith is that precious alchemy which transmutes grief into joy ; or rather, it is the pure and heavenly Euphrasy, which clears away the film from our mortal sight, and makes affliction appear what it really is, a dispensation of mercy.⁴⁶

Thou art not lost, — thy spirit giveth
Immortal peace, and high it liveth !
Thou art not mute, — with angels blending,
Thy voice to me is still descending !

Thou art not absent, — sweetly smiling,
I see thee yet, my griefs beguiling !
Soft o'er my slumbers art thou beaming,
The sunny spirit of my dreaming !

Thine eyelids seem not yet concealing,
In death, their orbs of matchless feeling ;
Their living charms my heart still numbers ; —
Ah ! sure they do but veil thy slumbers !

As kind thou art ; — for still thou 'rt meeting
The breast which gives thee tender greeting !
And shall I deem thee altered ? — Never !
Thou 'rt with me waking — dreaming — ever !...⁴⁶

REMEMBER,

Though this poor instrument, the human body, may be broken, the dial-plate effaced, and though the hidden artist can make no more signs, he may

Mine eyes fail with looking upward ;

be rich as ever in the things to be signified. Fever may fire the pulses of the body ; but wisdom and sanctity cannot sicken, be inflamed, and die. This would be to set the cross above the crucified.⁸⁰

‘O, who would live away, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o’er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?’

REMEMBER,

Grief is only the memory of widowed affection. The more intense the delight in the presence of the object, the more poignant must be the impression of the absence. . . . These associations with the past do not excite sorrow, but to an affectionate mind are sorrow. The morality, then, which rebukes sorrow rebukes love. There are doubtless cases not infrequent, in which the mind is unduly overpowered by affliction, in which the tranquillity of the reason is wholly upset, and the energy of the will utterly prostrated. Here, beyond controversy, is a state of mind morally wrong : for God never absolves us from our duties, however he may sadden them. But to rebuke the feelings of grief in such a case, is to cast the censure in the wrong place ; it is not that the sorrow is excessive, but that other emotions are defective in their strength.

The wise interpreter of his own nature will let his mourning affections alone. To interfere with

O Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me.

them would be to wrestle with his own strength. But he will draw forth into prominent light, sentiments now sleeping idly in the shaded recesses of his mind. He will summon up the sense of responsibility, to rouse him with the spectacle of his relations to God, his father, and his brother, man ; to recount to him the deeds of duty and the toils of thought which are yet to be achieved ere life is done ; to show him the circle of high faculties which the Creator has given him to ennoble and refine and keep ready for a world where thought and virtue are immortalized. He will call forth his affections for the living who surround him, and whom yet it is happiness to love and his obligation to bless ; and these sympathies will be fruitful work for his hands, and interests refreshing to his heart : here are some of the invitations to the aspirings of benevolence, to bid the drooping soul look up. And the sufferer will evoke the spirit of Christian trust and hope. Invoke the spirit of this trust ; and though sorrow may not dry its tears, it rises to a dignity above despair.⁸⁰

Tears, liquid pearls, O, gently flow !

'T will ease my aching breast,

'T will cool the fever of my brow,

And lull my soul to rest.

O, 'tis a luxury to weep !

When sore oppressed the soul,

And torn with anguish wild and deep

O'er which we've no control.

What shall I say ?

To weep o'er gentle friends that lie
Pale, in Death's cold embrace,
And 'mong the stars that gem the sky
To trace their dwelling-place.

Then for a luxury of a tear
O, let us thank thee, Heaven !
For in the solace of a tear
A precious boon is given...b

REMEMBER,

He whose mission it was to teach the paternity of Providence and the serenity of the immortal hope,—he who himself lived in the divinest peace which they can give, thought it no treason to these truths to weep. To the eye of the Man of Sorrows, sorrow was no sin; nor did he, who was emphatically the Son of God, see in even the passionate utterance of grief any of that spirit of filial distrust towards God, and reluctant acceptance of his will, which have often been charged on it by the hard and cold temper of his followers, who would multiply the penances of natural emotion, and sublime from the Gospel its pure humanities.⁸⁰

Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns to impart...75

REMEMBER,

Heaven and God are best discerned through tears; scarcely perhaps are discerned at all without them. The constant association of prayer with the hour of bereavement and the scenes of death, suffice to show this. Yet is this effect of

He hath spoken unto me, and himself hath done it:

external distress only a particular instance of this general truth, that religion springs up in the mind wherever any of the infinite affections and desires press severely against the finite conditions of our existence. Instead of slumbering at noon in Eden, we must keep the midnight watch within Gethsemane. We, too, like our great Leader, must be made perfect through suffering; but the struggle by night will bring the calmness of the morning; the hour of exceeding sorrow will prepare the day of godlike strength; the prayer for deliverance calls down the power of endurance. And while to the reluctant their cross is too heavy to be borne, it grows light to the heart of willing trust.⁸⁰

In the hour of deep affliction
 Let no impious thought intrude;
 Meekly bow with this conviction,
 Grief was sent thee for thy good...b

REMEMBER,

From our mere eyes Death takes only the visible form of the objects of our love, for this is only borrowed; from our souls it cannot take the love itself to which that is subservient, for it is given us forever. The very grief that wastes us testifies that, in his true worth, the companion we lament as lost is with us still; for is it not the idea of him that weeps in us—his image that supplies the tears? His best offices he will con-

I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.

tinue to us yet, if we are true to him; with serenest look, as through the windows of the soul, rebuking our disquiet, bracing our faith, quickening our conscience, and cooling the fever-heats of life. Doubtless the thought of him is transmuted from gladness into sorrow. But will any true heart say, that an affection is an evil because it is sad, and wish to shake it off the moment it brings pain? Call it what you will, *that* is not love which itself is anxious to grow cold: the emotions of a faithful soul never entertain a suicidal purpose, and plan their own extinction; rather do they reproach their own insensibility, and passionately pray for a greater vitality. Whether, then, in anxiety or in peace, in joy or in regrets, let the spirit of affection stay; and if the spirit stay, the objects, though vanished, leave their best presence with us still. Thus the sainted dead shall finish for us the blessed work which they began. They tarried with us, and nurtured a human love; they depart from us, and kindle a divine.⁸⁰

.....Death is the crown of life.
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign,
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies.
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die? When shall I live forever?...35

O Lord, by these things men live,

REMEMBER,

In the mere conception of unlimited existence there is nothing more amazing than in that of unlimited non-existence ; there is no more mystery in the mind living forever in the future, than in its having been kept out of life through an eternity in the past. The former is a negative, the latter a positive infinitude. And the real, the authentic wonder, is the actual *fact* of the transition having been made from the one to the other ; and it is far more incredible that, from not having been, *we are*, than that, from actual being, we shall *continue to be*.⁸⁰

O. what is death ? 'Tis life's lost shore,
Where vanities are vain no more ;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again.

REMEMBER,

God would not make this world a paradise, because he had prepared a far better home for his children ; and 'link by link he rends away' the golden chains which bind the soul to earth, that he may use them to fasten it more securely above. It should not be said, my friend, that the frequent removal by distance or death of those who are dear to us is a proof that they ought not to have been so highly prized, and that we are called upon to dismiss them from our hearts — O, no !

And in all these things is the life of my spirit :

'Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy,
The soul outgrows them not, —
We do not cast them off.'

But, on the contrary, Christian friendship is a foretaste of the communion of saints in glory. There it will be perfected. The sweets of friendship are among the grants of our heavenly charter; and the tenure by which we hold them shows the loving-kindness of Him who has ordered the covenant in all things.⁴⁶

Parted friends may meet again,
When the storms of life are past;
And the spirit, freed from pain,
Basks in friendship that will last...⁴⁶

REMEMBER,

Since we stay not here, being people but of a day's abode, and our age is like that of a fly, and contemporary with that of a gourd, we must look somewhere else for an abiding city, a place in another country to fix our house in, whose walls and foundation is God, where we must rest or else be restless forever. For whatsoever ease we can have or fancy here, will shortly be changed into sadness or tediousness. It goes away too soon, like the periods of our life; or stays too long, like the sorrow of the sinner. And where either there is sorrow or an end of joy, there can be no true felicity; which, because it must be had by some

So wilt thou recover me, and make me to live.

instrument, and in some period of our durations, we must carry up our affections to the mansion prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion and inheritance.⁵⁶

Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light...⁵⁷

R E M E M B E R ,

That though we are oft perplexed with the tangled web of this life, in the heavenly all knots shall be untied, all mysteries unveiled; the just connection of the least link in the chain of Providence will be easily seen in that land of vision, where all is clear, yet all amazing; and the unequal reflections made here, as if Divine Wisdom were careless, or baffled, will be turned into admiring acknowledgments of that care and goodness

For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee.

which runs through all the windings of Providence. One heaven shall then be the proper country of all its inhabitants, and its language equally understood by all, though redeemed from all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues. We shall enjoy the society of prophets, apostles, and martyrs, with the blessed choir of ministering spirits, who have done us, while we were in danger here, many an invisible courtesy, which we could never thank them for; and our Christian friends and relations—all crowned with an everlasting diadem of bliss. There, triumphant souls shall see, admire, and celebrate that infinite wisdom and goodness in the very things they were too apt to complain of *here*, and shall own how necessary they were for bringing them *there*.⁴⁶

‘Not what I will, but what Thou wilt.’ *Mark xvi. 36.*

‘Not what I will, my Father,’ be my prayer,
 Whate’er my lot in life, — in weal or woe,
 ‘Thy will, not mine, in all things here below;’
 When all seems bright, and heaven is smiling fair,
 And my heart feels no weight of grief or care,
 Then ’t is Thy will, my Father, makes me blest,
 And I with grateful heart to Thee repair.
 To thank Thee for the hours of peace and rest :
 And when dark clouds o’ershadow my bright sky,
 And anguish wrings my soul — O, then, my heart,
 From thy firm trust in God do not depart !
 ‘*Not what I will, my Father,*’ be my cry.
 Thou knowest best, let me Thy Love descry ;
 ‘T is the same hand, dispensing good or ill ;
 All good, though seeming ill to mortal eye.
 This wish alone my inmost being fill —
 Just as Thou wilt, my Father, be my will...⁴⁵

The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day.

REMEMBER,

It is when death and darkness come, men learn, if not before, what their nature is; to what it is exposed, and by what sustained; what it needs and craves. The future and eternity are made sure. They are brought close around them. They have an interest there now, they have treasure there. A part of themselves is there. The parent who gave them being, the brother or sister who shared that being, the child who was all their own—is there—and *they* are there also. Their nature, all their affections, were reposed in those objects, and you cannot, no power can change; death, worlds, cannot sever them wholly. Their very removal to an unknown state makes that state known. Their flight into the distant and dark future illumines that future. The angel of death, who bore the loved away, opened the heavens as he ascended—and now the eye of faith penetrates, the heart of faith lives, in that spiritual world. There is sorrow and trembling yet. But there is hope, the anchor of the soul. There is faith, the very substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. There is prayer and communion, the soul's pinions on which it soars to the bright presence of the spirits it here loved, the

The father to the children shall make known thy truth.

Saviour whom it trusts, the Father in whom it dwells. From the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up. It is the light of God's countenance, it irradiates the features, the souls, with which we have been long familiar — with which we may now live forever.⁴³

Is not the dream of heaven more sweet,
Bright with those living forms of love?
Does not each trial that we meet
Raise our rapt spirits more above?
Yes; death, that pales our curdling cheek,
Tells of an angel's opening bliss;
Again we view the forms we seek,
Bright with immortal happiness...⁴⁸
.....Joyful words — 'We meet again!'
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting.
Life in death — 'we meet again!...'⁵⁷

REMEMBER,

Although we are accustomed to think of heaven as distant, of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society, of spiritual, higher beings. May not these fill the universe? Milton has said,

'Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep.'

A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side. Whilst we know not to what place our friends go, we know what is infinitely more interesting, to what beings they go. We know not where heaven is, but we know whom it contains; and this knowledge opens to us an infinite field for contemplation and delight. They who are born into heaven go

The Lord was ready to save me :

not only to Jesus, and an innumerable company of pure beings ; they go to God. These new relations of the ascended spirit to the Universal Father, how near ! how tender ! how strong ! how exalting ! But this is too great a subject for the space which remains ; and yet is it the chief element of the felicity of heaven.⁹³

REMEMBER,

FINALLY, and let it be established as a first truth, if religion is to comfort us in affliction ; if she is to give us aid in any time of peril, she must have had long and supreme command over our hearts. She must be infused into the very essence of the mind. Our fashion of thought and feeling must be formed by it, and our whole nature sublimated by its union with our best sensibilities ; she must be at home in our bosoms, and then she diffuses a virtue through our whole being. The blows of affliction, fall as heavily as they may, will only increase the animation of our resistance ; they cannot touch so much as the hem of our garments without being sanctified. Then her consolation abounds. We may weep, and our whole frames shake, under the stroke of bereavement ; so much must be pardoned to human nature.

But all our tears are sanctified. They burst
From our o'ercharged hearts like blessed showers.
Which leave the skies they come from bright and holy...48

Therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments,

Death of Children.

‘Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.’ *Scripture.*

One little bud adorned my bower,
And shed sweet fragrance round;
It grew in beauty, hour by hour,
Till, ah! the spoiler came in power,
And crushed it to the ground.

Yet not forever in the dust
That beauteous bud shall lie;
No!—in the garden of the just,
Beneath God’s glorious eye, I trust,
’T will bloom again on high...b

I rocked her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest*.
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne’er grows old.
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them; and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them...b

All the days of our life in the house of the Lord.

Sister and friend, why starts the tear?
That kindred minds, no longer near,
Perhaps no more shall mingle here
Together?

Ere bowed beneath affliction's rod,
The peaceful paths of life we trod,
And journeyed to the house of God
Together!

No separate w'sh our thoughts employed,
No separate care our bliss alloyed;
Ever we sorrowed or enjoyed
Together!

What though no more our souls prepare
The various ills of life to bear,
And every transient joy to share
Together! —

We have a fairer home on high. —
Dimly its bliss we here descry, —
Where we shall spend eternity
Together!

We have a faithful Friend above,
A Father, of unchanging Love,
Though parted, we that love shall prove
Together!

And where unbroken friendship reigns,
Nor of divided joy complains,
Shall rise our sweet angelic strains
Together!...46

Jesus answered and said,

CONFERENCE WITH THE READER.

Reader (as querist). And with all comforting words from Heart's treasury, hast not one to help the bruised in spirit, who mourn death of their little ones?

MUCH. Ay, these indeed are embalmed in memory's storehouse. One has spoken much, all, for you in a few simple words: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; of such is the kingdom of heaven.' What better casket — what better treasurer — to intrust with our jewels?^a

O, it is hard to take to heart
 The lesson that such deaths will teach;
 But let no man reject it,
 For it is one that all must learn,
 And is a mighty, universal Truth,
 When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
 For every fragile form from which he lets
 The parting spirit free,
 A hundred virtues rise,
 In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
 To walk the world and bless it.

Of every tear
 That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
 Some good is born, some gentler nature comes...89

REMEMBER,

This, (for we venture this domain hesitatingly,) Around our children centre our prayers; in their death they are borne to heaven with them. In the griefs and sorrowing we have for them, have

Go and show John these things which ye do hear and see :

we answered prayer. For where our treasure is,
there is our heart also, —

‘ loved in life,
In death not divided.’

So that, as we distance earth, thus we near heaven.

Little children are lent of God the heavenly Parent, to take the impress, to be incarnate of the earthly, and then by the gentle hand of Death are removed, living images, to adorn the heavenly mansion. The Father of fathers loves too to look upon the innocent faces of his children, and would have the images of his other children, thus in them represented, always near Him until the day of their earthly pilgrimage (also as did that of their little ones) closes in the night of sleep; and Death, the angel of sleep, God’s best ministering angel to man, shall come and wrap them in his mantle, and thus prepare them for the final journey after their protracted six days’ labor, bearing them forth to the enduring day of rest, the soul’s Sabbath, where they, in company with the redeemed of earth, shall ever behold the face of that Father, whose countenance beams with light ineffable, for ‘ He is the fulness of light.’^a

A little while, a few short years of pain,
And one by one we’ll come to thee again...13

Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where
I am...MESSIAS.

The blind receive their sight,

REMEMBER,

And grieve not with sorrow pertaining to earth for departure of children; but count thy gain in that to thee they were, while to others they have been withheld. Ay, these latter may not sorrow even, but be comforted in that God has placed children around them everywhere; but if grieve they will, let it be with godly sorrow, that the heart opens not to receive such into it, even as the nearest and dearest.^a

‘Blest who in the cradle die!
Nought they knew — O, envied bliss! —
Save a mother’s soothing smile,
Save a mother’s tender kiss.’

REMEMBER,

For it is noteworthy, that children who are taken away by death always remain in the memory of the parent as children. Other children grow old; but this one continues in youth. It looks as we last saw it in health. The imagination hears its sweet voice and light step; sees its silken hair and clear bright eyes, all just as they were. Ten and twenty years may go by; the child remains in the memory, as at first — a bright, happy child. . . Its young and beautiful form moves before us: and what is such a memory but an angel-presence? Certainly next to seeing an angel, is seeing with a parent’s heart such a cherished form. Amidst

And the lame walk,

this world of ambition and show, who shall say that this is not a means, under Providence, of subduing and spiritualizing the mind? Thus, in order to cherish such a remembrance, we are at times willing to turn even from the charms of the living. The sigh becomes sweeter than the song. Sorrow, subdued, becomes a friend, and sacred joy is mingled with the tears of holy recollection. Thus, as Grief ascends the mount of Time, she seems to pass through a state of transfiguration. The convulsive agony changes to passive sorrow, and querulous misgivings to quiet meditation. There must be distress; let, then, the gushing tears flow, for it is the course of nature; but, even with this, let there be the victory of the Christian faith, the glorious hope of our holy religion.²⁸ For

‘Such a hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
May be born, like the rainbow, in tears.’

REMEMBER,

To whom the sacrifice is made, if led to feel,

‘A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.’

And then will that faith which centres in a being of love assure us that the cut-off buds of earth will find some stem on which the husbandman will engraft them; these flowers, which, like some others, fold themselves to sleep in the morn-

The lepers are cleansed,

ing hour, will find a morning sun to awaken them. 'There aloft, in the heavens, the fogs of our days must one day be resolved into stars, even as the mist of the milky way parts into suns.³⁴

REMEMBER,

There is this pleasure in being bereaved, — the thought that time, which sadly overcometh all things, can alone restore the separated, and bring the mutually beloved together. Time, which plants the furrow and sows the seed of death, stands, to the faithful spirit, a messenger of light at that mysterious wicket-gate from whence we step and enter upon the vast Unknown. Compare with this enlarged, this universe-embracing view, which breaks at once upon the soul, the act of lying down in what to some may seem a sleep of cold obstruction; and where is the resemblance of the one, or what ear hath heard, or what heart conceived, of the infinitude of the other.⁶¹

'He whom Fame hath applauded high
Hath gained a grave! — hath lived to die!'

REMEMBER,

And grieve not. That soul that much endures, out ever to God looks up — suffering neither the clouds or storms to disturb — sees its own image in the heavens: — There stands the rainbow, which the clouds and the winds affect not, as they fly over

And the deaf hear,

it, but it reposes in the sky as resplendent morning dew on a beautiful day.³⁴

Thus, gentle reader, would we have it with thee, for we pray not that sorrow may be withheld, but, in parting words of Richter's Pauline, 'may there be to thee no more clouds than is necessary for a beautiful evening sky, no more rain than is necessary to form a rainbow in the moonbeams, and eternal dewdrops on that new and perpetual morn which all that is lovely of earth, and is revealed of heaven, promises to those who pass earth's fiery trial, and thus attain to purity of spirit.^a

Joy hath its ministers, but griefs are fraught
With gentler blessings. Let them come, in soft
And tender eloquence, and bear aloft
Your faith on the white spirit-wings of prayer...b

The dead are raised up,

IN REVIEW.

REMEMBER,

These gems unstrung in this our record 'Of Life,' in this our record 'Of Death.' Let them speak to the heart as does the wind-harp in solitude. They are here placed standing alone, uttering each an unlinked Voice; yet doubt we not they will find a key-note in some heart beating in unison.^a

'Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set: but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!'

'As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men, —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man, —
Shall one by one be gathered side by side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.'

And the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

The Aged,

IN LIFE.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
 Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
 Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
 All the landscape like a page perusing;
 Poor, unknown, —
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
 Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding,
 Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
 Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
 There he sat!
 Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
 No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
 None to love him for his thin gray hair,
 And the furrows all so mutely pleading,
 Age, and care :
 Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
 Dapper country lads, and little maidens,
 Taught the motto of the 'Dunce's stool,' —
 Its grave import still my fancy ladens, —
 'HERE'S A FOOL!'

It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
 Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted.
 I remember well — too well — that day, —
 Oft-times the tears unbidden started, —
 Would not stay !

When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell —
 Ah ! to me her name was always heaven ! —
 She besought him all his grief to tell, —
 (I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
 ISABEL !

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Angel! said he sadly, I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why sit I here thou shalt be told, —
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow, —
Down it rolled!

Angel! said he sadly, I am old!

I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!

I have tottered here to look once more!

All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this old gray rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah! that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!

All the picture now to me how dear!

Old stone school-house — it is still the same!
There 's the very step so oft I mounted;
There 's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game!

Old stone school-house — it is still the same!

In the cottage yonder I was born; —
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There 's the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage yonder I was born.

Those two gateway sycamores you see,
Then were planted, just so far asunder,
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under; —
Ninety-three!

Those two gateway sycamores you see.

There 's the orchard where we used to climb,
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!

There 's the orchard where we used to climb.

There the rude, three-cornered, chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the cows were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising, —
Traps and trails, —

There the rude, three-corned, chestnut rails.

I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth,

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain ;

Pond and river still serenely flowing ;

Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,

Where the lily of my heart was blowing, —

MARY JANE !

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain !

There's the gate on which I used to swing,

Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable ;

But, alas ! no more the morn shall bring

That dear group around my father's table —

Taken wing !

There's the gate on which I used to swing.

I am fleeing — all I loved have fled ;

Yon green meadow was our place for playing ;

That old tree can tell of sweet things said,

When round it Jane and I were straying : —

She is dead !

I am fleeing — all I loved are fled !

Yon white spire — a pencil on the sky,

Tracing silently life's changeful story —

So familiar with my dim old eye,

Points me to the seven that are now in glory

There on high —

Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,

Guided thither by an angel mother ;

Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod —

Sire and sister, and my little brother —

Gone to God ;

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

There my Mary blest me with her hand,

When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,

Ere we wandered to that distant land —

Now, alas ! her gentle bosom pressing ; —

There I stand —

There my Mary blest me with her hand.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old ;

Early life no longer hath a morrow ; —

Now, why sit I here thou hast been told ; —

In his eye another pearl of sorrow, —

Down it rolled, —

Angel, said he sadly, I am old.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,

Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;

Still I marked him, sitting there alone,

All the landscape like a page perusing ;

Poor, unknown,

By the wayside, on a mossy stone !...88

Because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent,

IN DEATH.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year ;
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud !

Then rose another hoary man, and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye, then, for him, who, having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed ;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

His youth was innocent ; his riper age
Marked with some acts of goodness, every day ;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

That life was happy ; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his ;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward,
Nor deem that kindly Nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die...85

And hast revealed them unto babes.

The Matron.

.....Her marble brow
Was pure as though some angel-wing had passed,
And swept all tints of earthliness away.
She faded slowly, softly from the earth,
And died, as some sweet blossom dies away,
Shedding a heavenly incense to the last...44

‘Is this her home?’
I ask in earnest tone!
All that *make* home are here—
Husband and children dear,
And kindred hearts which ever seem to be
Full of kind love and gentle sympathy:
But desolate they stand,
That little household band:
Most mournful is the crying,
And sorrowful the sighing,
I hear in sad replying
Unto my earnest tone,
‘Is this her home?’
‘Is this her home?’
I ask in earnest tone!
The new laid turf is green,
And the sweet flowers, I ween,
Will love to come and deck the lowly bed,
Where in calm slumber rests that youthful head;
The wild bird’s song is here,
The sunshine bright and clear:
O, peace!—she’s sweetly sleeping,
While we the watch are keeping;
Why answer still with weeping
Unto my earnest tone,
‘Is this her home?’
‘Is this her home?’
I ask in solemn tone,
Behold, the Lord is here;
The Lamb of God is near,
To lead her into pastures ever fair,
And point her to the living waters there:
See! robed in light she stands
Amid the angel bands,
Her hand a harp is stringing,
Its notes through heaven are ringing,
O, list!—the song she’s singing,
Most joyful is the tone,
‘Heaven is my home.’...45

Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.

The Three Songs.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my boy is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire, is the thought that fills his mind;
The food for grave enquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, nor talks as children talk,
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's works and ways, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex
With thoughts about this world of ours and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words that he will say.
O! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose *him* now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three,
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver-sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light blue eye is like his brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his has ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look is a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When we walk out, the country folks who pass us in the street
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent, to gladden more the earth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love that we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where *he* has gone to dwell.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
 And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
 I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss that he doth feel,
 Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
 But I know, for God hath told me this, that he is now at rest,
 Where other blessed infants are, on their Saviour's loving breast.
 Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease,
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
 But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours forever.
 When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery,
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
 O, we'd rather lose our other *two*, than have *him* here again...87

THE DEAD.

'Still the same, no charm forgot, —
 Nothing lost that Time had given.'

Forget not the Dead, who have loved, who have left us,
 Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
 But believe, — never doubt, — that the God who bereft us
 Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,
 Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears; —
 Other joys may be lost, but their names should not perish
 While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember
 The last look of life, and the low-whispered prayer?
 O, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
 When Love's tablets record no remembrances there!

Then forget not the Dead, who are evermore nigh us,
 Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed; —
 In the loneliest hour, in the crowd, they are by us;
 Forget not the dead — O, forget not the dead!...94

And I will give you rest.

Infancy.

TO A DYING INFANT.

Sleep, little baby ! sleep !
Not in the cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee,
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Darling ! thou seem'st to me.

Mount up, immortal essence !
Young spirit, haste, depart !
And is this death ? Dread thing !
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art !

O, I could gaze forever
Upon that waxen face !
So passionless — so pure —
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried ;
He fought the fight for thee,
And won the victory,
And thou art sanctified !

I look around and see
The evil ways of men ;
And, O beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

Now, like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove —
Safe with the Source of love,
The Everlasting One...69

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ;

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

‘The child is not — and I, whither shall I go ?

The blessed gales of spring are now rejoicing,
Earth hails with joy again the green-robed queen,
And silvery tones the glad some welcome voicing,
Fill with sweet melody the wide-spread scene.
Before me gush the waters clear and sparkling,
The icy chains of winter all forgot ;
But o’er my soul a heavy cloud hangs darkling,
A cloud of grief and woe : — my child is not.

My child is not — and, sad and broken-hearted,
I tread the rooms that he will bless no more ;
This crib I see, its tenant has departed,
No toys lie scattered on the nursery floor,
In vain I listen for the silver singing
Of his clear voice in childhood’s blessed mirth,
No joyous echo through the house is ringing,
All, all is silent round our darkened hearth.

My child is not — the mandate hath been spoken
By Him, the Almighty One, whose ‘ways are just ;’
The cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken,
‘Earth unto earth’ we’ve given, ‘and dust to dust.’
The tiny mound in yonder graveyard swelling,
The void and silent place around our hearth,
Speak to my heart, in hollow accents telling,
‘The one ye loved has passed away from earth.’

My child is not — but welcomed by his Father,
And folded in his blest Redeemer’s arms,
Though storms may rise, and tempests howl and gather,
He dwells secure from all earth’s dread alarms.
Through the high domes that vault that glorious far land,
Ring his angelic tones in praise and joy,
‘Midst the sweet buds that twine the Saviour’s garland,
With Eden beauty smiles my cherished boy.

Then shall I murmur and repine, blest Father,
That what thou gavest, thou hast taken away ?
With chastened heart and deep submission rather,
‘Thy will, not mine be done,’ O, let me say !
And let me, as through life’s dark vale I wander,
Think of the treasure that to God I’ve given,
Until with glowing heart and love yet fonder,
I greet my darling in the courts of heaven...32

For I am meek and lowly of heart,

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Well, rest thee, bright one ; we may not deplore thee ;
Death hath no terrors for such as thou.
From ills to come, from anguished years — ah ! freely
We yield thee to thy God who calleth now.

We would not that bright brow were marked with furrows,
Which Time's dread finger sure had graven there ;
We would not that pure lip had writhed with sorrows,
Which all earth's tenants soon or late must share.

Ay, rest thee ! yet thy mother's heart is bleeding,
To think that form so chill and pulseless now ;
That rich dark eye its purple lid is veiling,
And the bright curls are still upon thy brow.

Oft has she gazed on thee in thy proud beauty,
Buoyant and gladsome in thy childish glee,
But ne'er before that face was deemed so lovely,
As in its death-sleep it hath seemed to be.

And yet rest on : — the balmy winds are breathing
A fragrant requiem o'er thy peaceful bed,
And summer flowers, thy humble tombstone wreathing,
Their hallowed incense o'er thy slumbers shed.

From the far heaven the angel-stars are beaming
In holy beauty on thy lowly rest,
And clustering ivy-leaves are richly streaming
With graceful tendrils o'er the sleeper's breast.

Sleep on — sleep on ! Ah, it were vain deploring,
For thou art gone where dwelleth nought of woe ;
In that bright realm thy pure young soul is soaring,
All scenes of sorrow fading far below.

Then fare thee well ; — no more thy mother's bosom
Shall lull those blue-veined eyelids to their sleep ;
Dust unto dust ! — we may not slight the summons —
We give thee back to earth — but we **MUST WEEP...**92

And ye shall find rest to your souls.

FINALLY, REMEMBER,

It was not by retiring into himself, but by going out of himself, that CHRIST OVERCAME THE WORLD; not by spiritual pathology and self-torture, but by veritable 'sufferings' that he 'became perfect;' not by measuring his own emotions, but by oblivion of them amid a crowd of toils, a succession of fulfilled resolves, a profuse expenditure of life and effort having others for their object, that he rose above the dignity of men, and ripened the divinest spirit for the skies.⁸⁰

Called by affliction every grace to prove,
In patience perfect and complete in love.
Over death victorious, thus a Saviour's might
Is seen triumphant with the saints in light...b

The dark way, that he trod,
Leads to heaven;
And whoever obeys his counsel
Comes to the house of God...a...65

Reader — Fare thee well !

As much good stay with thee as go with me...50

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.85

E N D .

APPENDIX OF AUTHORS AND WORKS QUOTED.

The Numbers correspond with those in the Text.

- | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|----|----------------------------|
| a | Compiler. | 47 | Martyria. |
| b | Unknown. | 48 | 'Offering of Sympathy.' |
| 1 | 'Literary Lionism.' | 49 | Author of 'Sympathy.' |
| 2 | Bailey's 'Festus.' | 50 | Shakspeare. |
| 3 | Rahel. | 51 | Charles Swain. |
| 4 | Mrs. Jameson. | 52 | Walton. |
| 5 | James R. Lowell. | 53 | J. G. C. Brainerd. |
| 6 | Mrs. L. M. Child. | 54 | Cowper. |
| 7 | W. Wordsworth. | 55 | Miss Holford. |
| 8 | R. W. Emerson. | 56 | Jeremy Taylor. |
| 9 | Milton. | 57 | Montgomery. |
| 10 | Mrs. Case. | 58 | Steele. |
| 11 | Barrow. | 59 | Grant. |
| 12 | Bishop Hall. | 60 | W. Wallace. |
| 13 | Chas. Sprague. | 61 | Willis Gaylord Clark. |
| 14 | Henry Kirk White. | 62 | C. D. Colesworthy. |
| 15 | Harriet Martineau. | 63 | 'L. E. L.' |
| 16 | Goethe (Eckerman's). | 64 | Francis de Sales. |
| 17 | Coleridge. | 65 | Novalis (Von Hardenburg). |
| 18 | Charles Lamb. | 66 | Julia A. Fletcher. |
| 19 | Dr. Parr. | 67 | Caroline Fry. |
| 20 | Henry Giles. | 68 | Alexander Pope. |
| 21 | 'Christian Examiner.' | 69 | Mrs. Cath. Bowles Southey. |
| 22 | A. C. Coxe. | 70 | Sydney Smith. |
| 23 | Lord Bacon. | 71 | Horatius. |
| 24 | Plato. | 72 | Burke. |
| 25 | Wm. Ware. | 73 | Akenside. |
| 26 | Herder. | 74 | Thomas Wade. |
| 27 | Dugald Stewart. | 75 | Robert Browning. |
| 28 | R. C. Waterston. | 76 | George Herbert. |
| 29 | Cornelius Matthews. | 77 | Miss Sedgwick. |
| 30 | Martin Farquar Tupper. | 78 | Schiller. |
| 31 | A. A. Livermore. | 79 | Waller. |
| 32 | 'Portsmouth Journal.' | 80 | James Martineau. |
| 33 | E. H. Chapin. | 81 | Miss E. Smith. |
| 34 | Jean Paul Richter. | 82 | Miss E. Brooks. |
| 35 | Young's Night Thoughts. | 83 | Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson. |
| 36 | Thomas Carlyle. | 84 | Miss Dix. |
| 37 | Fenelon. | 85 | W. C. Bryant. |
| 38 | Feltham. | 86 | Alfred Tennyson. |
| 39 | 'Economy of Life' (A. D. 1800). | 87 | Rev. J. Moultrie. |
| 40 | H. W. Longfellow. | 88 | Rev. Ralph Hoyt. |
| 41 | W. Irving. | 89 | Charles Dickens. |
| 42 | Sir John Davies. | 90 | Dr. Watts. |
| 43 | Bernard Barton. | 91 | Lamartine. |
| 44 | Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain. | 92 | Edmund Flagg. |
| 45 | Miss C. E. Roberts. | 93 | Wm. E. Channing. |
| 46 | 'Parting Gift.' | 94 | James T. Fields. |



